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THE NEW

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The Week-end Review

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THE NEW STATESMAN AND NATION—The Week-end Review. *Incorporating The New Statesman, The Nation and Athenaeum, Week-end Review.*

THERE has been little or no change in the situation in Spain during the past week. Air raids have done some more destruction in Bilbao—and in Madrid also. But the morale of the Basques seems to be good, and discipline and organisation have been strengthened since President Aguirre took command of all the forces. The rebels have claimed advances in the mountains; but Basque counter-attacks have recovered a good deal of ground, including the important position of Mt. Solluve. A few days ago General Franco issued another mixture of threats and cajolery to the defenders of Bilbao. Nothing could prevent his victory, he said, but immediate surrender would mean merciful and fair treatment. Unless he is a stupider man than we take him for he could hardly expect the Basques to be deluded by any such promises. Even if they believed (and it is a very big "if") that lives might be spared, they know that liberties would not. The autonomy which they are fighting for so desperately is anathema to the insurgents, and is clearly excluded from Franco's recently announced totalitarian programme.

M. Blum's Position

M. Blum won a notable victory in the French Chamber last week, when he secured a vote of confidence by 380 to 199 votes. This is the biggest majority the Government have had in any important debate on policy. The Right-wing Radicals, who have been frightened by the activities of the Confédération Générale du Travail, rallied to the support of the motion on condition that a phrase assuring the "liberties of all" was included in it. The Communists who have been wrangling with M. Blum pocketed their grievances and voted for the Front Populaire. The Front Populaire is thus still pretty solid for the present, though it will doubtless be threatened again by some of its adherents on the Right and on the Left. The Government have now been in office for a year and more, and M. Blum has not only steered it with great ability, but has real achievements to his credit. That alone will not, of course, ensure him a long life as Prime Minister; but he has also this advantage—that any possible alternative to him and his Government would, in the opinion both of the vast majority of his supporters and of a great many, if not most, of his opponents, be a worse one.

Mussolini and the British Press

The Duce has made himself, not for the first time, the laughing stock of the world by his offensive against the British press. Germany alone of civilised nations expresses approval. We are, of course, used to the suppression of particular issues of our newspapers in the

dictator-ridden countries; and some, the NEW STATESMAN AND NATION in particular, have been put under a more permanent ban. But the wholesale prohibition of all British papers (with the significant exceptions of the *Daily Mail*, the *Evening News* and the *Observer*) and the simultaneous recall of all the London correspondents of the Italian press, is a bolder and a more childish gesture. It is said by the *Tribuna* to be a "gesture of pride" and not a reprisal, though according to the official announcement, the step has been taken "in view of the attitude adopted by almost the entire British press against Italy and her armed forces." Signor Mussolini is naturally annoyed by his failure to get *de jure* recognition of his Ethiopian Empire and by criticism of what his armed forces have done in Abyssinia and have failed to do in Spain. Doubtless, too, he does not like that criticism circulating among the Italian people. But obviously this heroic device of his will not prevent British newspapers continuing to report facts and express opinions on Italian policy, nor persuade the British Government to censor them to his taste. We shall expect him to come back to his senses before long.

The Freeing of Egypt

The Montreux Conference has finished its labours and Egypt at last gets rid of an old and galling servitude. Nahas Pasha paid a tribute to the British Government for the support which they had promised and gave in full measure. The capitulations are to be abolished immediately, with the exception that the Mixed Courts will continue to function till 1949. This period of twelve years was proposed by the Egyptians and accepted after opposition by some States who wanted it to be longer. Fears of discriminatory taxation and of hard treatment of foreign commercial, educational and religious institutions have been overcome by assurances on the part of the Egyptian delegation, which are incorporated in the annex to the convention. This is a happy ending to a long and bitter controversy on which both Egypt and the rest of us are to be congratulated. Egypt within the next week or two will enter the League of Nations as the fourth sovereign independent African State.

Unified Danzig

Guest of honour, last week-end, of a Nazi Cultural Congress at Danzig, Dr. Goebbels declared that the Free City, "in accordance with its whole nature, must and shall belong to the German Reich." That Danzig's political "nature" has changed is undeniable. At the last elections, in 1935, the Nazis succeeded by a mixture of anti-semitic propaganda and terrorism in obtaining 42 out of 72 seats in the Diet. Having purged the Opposition by the simple process of imprisoning anti-Nazi deputies, and then passing a decree that any deputy unable to attend sessions of the Diet forfeits his seat, a two-thirds majority in the Diet is now controlled by the Nazi Party, which has thus secured the legal right to pass amendments to the Constitution. True, such amendments do not become valid in law until they have been ratified by the Council of the League; but niceties of that nature are unlikely to trouble the Nazified Free City. The independent status of Danzig was specifically defined in the Treaty of Versailles; but if a "constitutional amendment" is now passed reintegrating the Free City with the German Reich, as Dr. Goebbels demands, will anyone take decisive action to prevent this further rending of a tattered treaty? Not Britain, whose Foreign Secretary agreed amicably with Colonel Beck that the Danzig Nazis had better be allowed a free hand, lest the interests of European peace should suffer worse injury. Not France, whose attention is engrossed by major preoccupations with Czechoslovakia and the *status quo* on the Danube. Betrayed by their confidence in the League, the non-Nazi elements in Danzig can only look for succour to Poland. And Poland cannot fight Germany in order to protect her nationals in the Free City.

American Unemployment

The latest reports from the Works Progress Administration and other Federal relief agencies indicate that there are still from six to seven million workers in the United States who are unemployed. Actually, the numbers receiving Federal or State relief on account of unemployment are still over six millions, despite the rapid expansion of economic activity in recent months. Industry and service occupations are still quite unable to absorb the large volume of labour which can no longer find work upon the land. In these circumstances, attempts to reduce the Federal appropriations for relief purposes are being strongly resisted by the Federal administrators; and the W.P.A., as well as the Civilian Conservation Corps, looks like establishing itself on a quasi-permanent basis. As for Mr. Roosevelt's Supreme Court proposals, the latest project among the critics is that some of the older judges shall agree to retire on condition that the President drops his proposals for reform. If the two oldest judges (one a progressive and one a conservative) were to retire and to be replaced by two progressives, it is argued that the President could be sure of a majority for any moderate proposal. Mr. Roosevelt may well prefer his own solution; for he and his critics may not have precisely the same view as to the definition of moderation likely to be adopted by the Court.

The Sugar Agreement

The Sugar Conference, as we foreshadowed, has ended in an agreement, but an agreement which tactfully shelves the real sugar problem and constitutes, in fact, an amicable gamble by all parties on an increase in future world consumption. Export quotas agreeable to all members of the Conference have been allocated on the assumption that demand in the free market—estimated to-day at 3,100,000 tons per annum—will absorb 3,600,000 tons in 1937–38 and 3,730,000 tons in 1938–39. It may be so; but it is difficult to dismiss entirely a more cynical explanation of the pact—"since a small cake is insufficient for generally acceptable distribution, let's pretend we have a large cake." The fixing of export quotas, which the Sugar Council is empowered to curtail by 5 per cent. during the first two years of the agreement, at least reduces the chances of a glut in the world's free market, and is therefore welcome from the point of view of sugar producers; but the one really sound solution would have been an agreement under which subsidies in aid of uneconomic beet-sugar, even for home consumption, would have been gradually diminished. In that way the free market, on whose

expansion the low-cost cane-sugar producers are relying, would have been increased, not merely on paper but in fact.

Private Profit in Arms

Last week Mr. Tom Johnston did his best to extract from Mr. Duff Cooper a satisfactory reason for the Government's refusal to place an order for shells with Messrs. Ransome and Rapier, who had made an unusual offer that seemed likely to save the State money and undercut other manufacturers. On the same day the Government published its White Paper, replying to the report of the Royal Commission on private manufacture and trade in arms. It will be remembered that this Commission was appointed in the autumn of 1934, when the Government was contemplating its immense arms programme and when it needed to reassure a public which was then widely alarmed about the conduct of the arms rings as revealed in the American arms inquiry. The Commission exactly served this purpose. It reported against a State monopoly of arms manufacture or trade. It agreed that all the engineering and other industries associated with armaments would have to be under Government orders in wartime and that they would be more efficiently co-ordinated if plans were fully worked out beforehand, but it thought the planning enough preparation, leaving the actual conscription of the industry till the emergency itself. " The balance of advantage lies in a system of collaboration between private industry and the Government." The Government joyfully accepts this conclusion. The whole question of the evils that attend the private manufacture of arms was neatly shelved by the Commission. Private profit is to continue. Whenever the Commission recommends something distasteful to the Government it is ignored. No Minister of Supply is to be appointed in spite of the Commission's recommendation and its mild suggestions for strengthening control over export licences are almost completely rejected. Everything is to be exactly as it would have been if the Commission had never sat.

Labour and the Co-operatives

The National Co-operative Authority, which is the co-ordinating body for the Co-operative movement, is not by any means satisfied with the provisional agreement recently reached between the Labour and Co-operative Parties concerning their collaboration. In its proposals to the Whitsun Co-operative Congress the Authority declares itself prepared to accept the agreement (relating to the selection of candidates by the two parties) " as an approach to the immediate constituency difficulties " ; but it goes on to say that the agreement " does not contribute substantially towards a solution of the major issues." In effect, the Labour Party leaders would like the Co-operative movement to affiliate to it for political purposes, or, as the Co-operative movement sees it, to become practically merged in the Labour Party. But the Co-operative Authority insists that the Co-operative Party must maintain its independence and remain subject to the final control of the Co-operative Congress alone. In practice, of course, Co-operative M.P.s have always sat as Labour also ; and some of them have been Ministers in the Labour Governments. But the separate existence of the two parties in the constituencies inevitably leads to friction over the choice of candidates ; and there is also the constant possibility of differences in matters of policy—especially over Free Trade. Liberalism is still quite strong among the Co-operative leaders. Nevertheless, the Co-operatives will, in fact, have to work mainly through the Labour Party, whatever they may say ; for their candidates would stand no chance of election without Labour support.

Strikes

An early extension of the London bus strike to other forms of transport seems now to be unlikely, unless the men disregard their official leaders. The Transport Workers' Union, which organises the tramway and trolley-bus employees, has refused to give these groups power to come out ; and the railway Unions have not even considered calling out the men on the tube railways. Unofficial action remains possible ; but the Union leaders are evidently doing all they can to keep the men at work. Meanwhile, the bus strikes in the provinces have ended, on promises of negotiation through the Union of more satisfactory and uniform agreements. On the other hand, the mining negotiations have reached a complete deadlock, and the postponed notices of strike action are due to be handed in throughout the country this week-end. The owners and the Spencer Union, acting virtually as a single body, refuse to meet the Miners' Federation unconditionally, and are still insisting that recognition of the Notts Miners' Association can be granted only if it is to all intents and purposes merged in the Spencer Union and precluded from taking part in any national miners' movement for improved terms. In these circumstances a national mining strike seems unavoidable, unless the Government is prepared to bring some sort of pressure to bear on the coalowners.

Honours Galore

The Coronation Honours List is, as it was generally expected to be, the " biggest ever." We have not counted the names, but are assured that they reach a total of some 1,400. Orders and titles are scattered judiciously among princes and potentates and commoners of all ranks and many occupations at home and overseas. The " aristocratic embrace " and the British system of honouring respectable opponents lest they should become dangerous have not been forgotten. The thirteen new peers include an addition to the press Lords in the shape of Mr. Elias, the managing director of Odhams and one of the controlling voices in the *Daily Herald*. Among the recipients of knighthoods are representatives not only of business and politics and the civil and fighting services, but of art, literature, law, medicine, science, schoolmastering and sport. Mr. Hugh Walpole represents literature and " Plum " Warner cricket. If there are not many Labour names on the list we may be sure that this is not due to any lack of desire to make the list " democratic." It is a sign of recent controversy and the widespread feeling manifest throughout the Labour movement over this question of honours. As it is, nobody will take exception to Dr. Addison's barony or Lord Snell's and Mr. Pethick Lawrence's privy councillorships.

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THE BUSMEN, THE BOARD AND THE GOVERNMENT

IT is inconvenient for the London public, especially in the outlying areas, to do without the buses; and it is unpleasant for old-school-tie patriots to be reminded during Coronation Week of the existence of a working class with a will of its own. But the London busmen did not choose this particular time for their stoppage; that it has happened just now is pure coincidence, arising out of the date at which their agreement expired. Some people will argue that they ought to have waited until the celebrations were over, staying at work on some purely temporary basis until the Coronation visitors had dispersed. So possibly they would have done, if the L.P.T.B. had shown any sign of being prepared seriously to consider their major claim. But Lord Ashfield and Mr. Pick in effect gave them no choice; they were prepared to discuss with the Union the busmen's minor claims, but on the principal issue—that of the hours of labour—they were not ready to negotiate at all. For the men to have returned to work on the strength of the findings of the Court of Inquiry and the L.P.T.B.'s subsequent offer, would have meant giving up the seven and a half hours day, with only a vague promise that the medical questions involved would receive some sort of investigation at a future date, and with no assurance that the Board, which now says that it cannot afford the reduction of hours, would find itself able to meet this claim, however fully it might be established. To return to work on those terms would have been to admit defeat; and it was a foregone conclusion that the men would refuse any such admission.

As for Lord Ashfield and his colleagues, their answer to the busmen's demand is a *non possumus*. They say simply "We cannot do it, sir, because—" because, that is, the holders of C stock in the London Passenger Transport Board must get their dividends, if what is supposed to be a public service corporation is not to pass into the hands of a receiver acting in the interests of private owners of capital.

As Mr. Davies pointed out in our columns last week, this extraordinary situation is the outcome of the peculiar circumstances in which the London Passenger Transport Act became law. It is out of all reason that, in a public service, the claims of any body of shareholders should be allowed to stand in the way of proper consideration for the claims of the workers employed. Yet it is apparent that the Board bases its case for rejecting the men's demand for a shorter working day upon the obligation imposed on it by Parliament to earn a dividend at a high rate upon the C stock, and not upon any unreasonableness in the demand itself.

Such a situation ought never to have been allowed to arise; and, having arisen, it ought to be speedily ended. But it is a curious feature of the dispute that, though this conflict between the rival claims of shareholders and workers lies at the very root of it, the men and their Union have to be careful about raising the question at all. If they did raise it, and demanded that the Government should revise the London Passenger Transport Act so as to remove the priority of the shareholders' claims, or should alternatively assume the liability itself, they would run the risk of outlawry under the Trade Disputes Act of 1927. For this notorious measure lays special penalties upon bodies of strikers who can be accused of attempting to "coerce the Government" in certain circumstances; and it might be found that any demand for an amendment of the London Passenger Transport Act which gave the strike a strong political colour would bring it under the ban of 1927.

The busmen, then, are precluded from asking the Government to act, and compelled, unless they are ready to drop their claim, to go on urging it exclusively upon the body in whose employment they are. The public, fortunately, is under no such inhibition. In matters of this order, those of us who do not labour under the legal disability of being Trade Unionists can still say what we believe to be true. We can say that, in the present omnibus dispute, the quarrel, in the last resort, is not so much between the Trade Union and the Board as between the workers and the Government, since the best way of resolving the conflict is to revise the Act to which its apparent insolubility is due.

The Court of Inquiry, we know, held that the busmen's case for a reduction of working hours was "not proven." True, no doubt, in a technical sense. Mr. Bevin might have been better furnished with statistical evidence of the increase of nervous illness. But no one questions that the nervous strain or the effects are considerable. Whether we are sitting in buses, or walking about the streets of London, or driving in cars or taxis, we feel a strong reluctance to the presence on these streets of busmen whose nerves and digestions are out of order, and whose tempers may be none of the best if they feel that, on account of the shareholders' claims, they have been refused consideration of the greater part of their case. We do not need legal proof that, with the increased speed-up and strain of the past year or two, eight hours is too long to expect a driver to remain on duty without excessive nervous wear and tear. We believe that the case for the adoption of the forty-hour working week in industry generally has been well made out; but, even if we did not, we should regard eight hours a day as certainly too long for a London omnibus driver to remain on duty—and we should hold to this opinion even if any number of courts of inquiry or arbitration were to report in the opposite sense.

As for the possible (though now less likely) extension of the stoppage to the tramwaymen and the trolley-busmen, we are aware that these sections of the Transport Workers' Union are under an agreement which has still some time to run. This may be a sufficient reason against their advancing demands of their own; but we cannot regard it as binding them to remain at work in all circumstances. It is undoubtedly true that, while they maintain their services intact, the revenues of the L.P.T.B. benefit, and the effectiveness of the busmen's stoppage is thereby considerably diminished. Moreover, the strain upon these sections of the transport workers has been excessive, ever since the busmen came out, owing to the diversion of traffic to which the strike has inevitably given rise.

In this conflict, to urge the justification for the strike is not necessarily to be against the Transport Board. It seems that the Board's difficulty in meeting the men's claims without Government help is substantial, and that only the Government, acting through Parliament, can

modify the absurd financial conditions laid down in the London Passenger Transport Act.

It is easy to show how absurd these conditions are. If the London buses were owned by an ordinary capitalist company, it would be impossible to argue that the shareholders had an absolute right to claim dividends on the capital before the employees were granted reasonable conditions of work. If, on the other hand, the buses belonged to the State, or to the L.C.C., no one could contend that the claims of the owners of Government, or L.C.C., stock should take unquestioned precedence over the rights of the employees to fair treatment. This claim actually arises because the London Passenger Transport Board is neither fish, flesh, nor good red herring, but a curious chimera.

Evidently, the Act should be amended, so as to make it possible for the busmen's claims to be taken on their merits, and not pushed aside as secondary to the anomalous " rights of property " now accorded to the C stock-holders. There is no good and sufficient reason for according this class of owner a preferred right over the employees of the Board. As against that, it will, of course, be argued that, as Parliament has rightly or wrongly given the stockholders this right, it cannot now take it away without breach of faith. Perhaps it cannot—by simply modifying the right; but there is a simple alternative. The Government can buy out the C stock-holders, either with cash or with bonds of an equivalent capital value to be assessed on the price of the C stock over a period before the present troubles arose.

If the Government will not do either of these things, there remains the third alternative that it should itself take over the Board's liability to the C stock-holders. But that is a greatly inferior solution. The right course is to get rid once and for all of this hybrid form of capital that is neither public nor private, and to replace it by a form of capital which will not stand in the way of fair consideration for the claims of the workers. If this were done, the busmen could reasonably be asked to go back on the understanding that all their demands would be fully considered, and the danger of an extension of the strike would be averted. On the other hand, if the Government will take no action, and Lord Ashfield regards himself as powerless in face of the Government's attitude, we see no end to the strike except by the slow process of attrition, with a prospect of its extension in the future over a very much wider field.

BEHIND BARCELONA BARRICADES

[We publish this article as an interesting interpretation of the situation in Barcelona by an American journalist who has been working in Spain for the Valencia Government. He expresses his own point of view which is not necessarily ours.—ED., *N.S. & N.*]

THE Anarchists waited too long. If they had struck nine months ago, or even three months ago, they would have been able to capture power. After the Fascist rebellion was defeated in Catalonia last July—credit for which belongs primarily to the Anarchists, then the strongest and best armed workers' organisation in all of Spain—they might have entrenched themselves impregnably in positions of power in the Government, in the army and in the police force. But now the coalition of Communists, Socialists, and Left Republicans has grown too strong for them.

Behind Barcelona barricades thrown up by the militant Anarchist members of the C.N.T. or General Confederation of Labour, there are deep conflicts whose origins antedate the Spanish Civil War and Revolution. The traditional Anarchist opposition to the political State persists despite their participation in the Barcelona and Valencia Governments. Paradoxically they now demand greater representation in the government of Catalonia, the Generalitat.

But more important is the Anarchist demand that the social revolution which began with the defeat of the rebels in half of Spain, be carried forward. To the slogan of the P.S.U.C. or United Socialist-Communist Party of Catalonia, and the Left Republicans—" Democracy versus Fascism "—Anarchists oppose the slogan " Libertarian Communism versus Fascism." Their posters proclaim: " Win the war and make the revolution," and " The war and the revolution are indivisible."

Those who call the Government of loyal republican Spain a " Red dictatorship " are quite mistaken. If it were really " red," the Anarchists would not now be fighting in the streets of Barcelona. The Generalitat is not a workers' government and it is not revolutionary. The political parties dominating it are entirely sincere when they proclaim to the democratic world that they seek, not Socialism, but " a democratic republic of a new type," meaning evidently a reformed capitalism somewhat like the Social Democratic Scandinavian countries, or perhaps Mexico, with Left workers' parties participating in a progressive anti-Fascist coalition government with " bourgeois " parties. Certainly no party in Spain at the moment seeks to establish there a dictatorship such as that of Soviet Russia — least of all the " Stalinist " Spanish Communist Party.

The rivalry between the C.N.T. led by the F.A.I. or Federation of Iberian Anarchists, and the other Trades Union, the U.G.T., dominated by the Communists and Socialists, is almost as old as the dispute between Bakunin and Marx. Long before the July rebellion they hated one another bitterly and violent clashes were of frequent occurrence. During the past nine months of civil war there have been numerous armed fights, particularly in the smaller towns and villages. The question of collectivisation of agriculture loomed large in this feud. News of these " riots " was not often printed in the Spanish newspapers and it was, of course, censored in the despatches of foreign correspondents.

The Communists, Socialists and Left Republicans not only oppose collectivisation of any more farms and factories; they demand that the Anarchist militias become part of the regular republican army under a single command and that the Anarchist-controlled Workers' Patrols be dissolved in favour of a regular " non-political " police force. Further, they demand that the Anarchist workers in the rearguard surrender their arms, needed at the front. They demand the dissolution of the Workers' Committees which have controlled the factories and collectivised farms—something like the Russian Soviets prior to the October 1917 Bolshevik Revolution—constituting a dual power.

These demands were a challenge to the Anarchists. They are supported and to some extent inspired by the so-called Trotskyist P.O.U.M. which split away from the Comintern in opposition to " Stalinism." They are opposed by all other Spanish organisations.

The P.S.U.C., which now has a membership of 60,000, is affiliated with the Comintern. When it was formed a year ago by the merger of the Catalonian Communist and Socialist Parties, the Communists numbered only about 250. These figures indicate the growth of Communist influence in Catalonia —and throughout Spain. Aid from Russia and from Communist Parties throughout the world has enabled them to gain enough power to throw down their ultimatum to the Anarchists—and the result was street fighting in Barcelona.

I left Barcelona the day before the fighting began, after four months in Spain, three of which were spent working for the Valencia Government. I profoundly regret anything which weakens the anti-Fascist united front, but I cannot agree with the official version of events which makes the Anarchists the villains of the plot. The common conception of an Anarchist

as a wild irresponsible hooligan is as far from the reality as the same conception of a Bolshevik common some years ago. In fact the Anarchist is, strangely, the nearest approach to a Bolshevik to be found in Spain to-day, except possibly for the P.O.U.M. Communists. But unfortunately they have no Lenin—nor even a leader of the calibre of Trotsky or Stalin.

The Anarchists fear that behind the Communist-Socialist-Left Republican programme for a regular republican army and police force under a single command and one flag—not the red or the red and black flag and not the Catalonian flag, but the flag of republican Spain—and behind the opposition to the completion of the proletarian revolution, there is a plot to eliminate them from the Spanish scene. They charge that the " Stalinists " have organised a G.P.U. in Spain controlled from Moscow. They point to the imprisonment recently of the Anarchist Morato, who is now on a hunger strike, and to the jailing of dozens of other Anarchists on one pretext or other of disobedience to the decrees of the Government, in Murcia, Lerida and elsewhere. They protest against the suppression of Anarchist newspapers. They point to the exclusion of the C.N.T.-F.A.I. from the Basque Government and the imprisonment of numerous Anarchists in Bilbao. And they remember that in Soviet Russia the Anarchists were long since " liquidated."

Hence for months Barcelona has been an armed camp, although the casual visitor would not suspect it. The " united front " with the other parties has been only an armed truce necessitated by the war against the Fascists. . . . A few weeks ago the Communists raided the Anarchist arsenal and stole seven tanks. . . . A few days before I left Barcelona there was a gigantic funeral procession for Roldan Cortada, Communist leader of the U.G.T., assassinated either by an Anarchist or, more probably, by an *agent provocateur*. Banners demanded revenge. The next day an Anarchist was assassinated. . . . I interviewed Luis Companys, president of the Generalitat, and predicted an armed clash. He laughed scornfully and said the Anarchists would capitulate as they always had before.

It was too late for compromise; the inevitable irrepressible conflict occurred and has evidently been suppressed since I left Barcelona. But the fighting is not over. There will be further compromise " solutions " which solve none of the basic issues, and further crises and armed conflict.

The Barcelona and Valencia Governments have been partially paralysed from their beginnings by these conflicts and by the rivalries of the constituent organisations of the People's Front Government. Their effectiveness on the military field as well as on the economic and political fields has been crippled by recurrent crises. Malaga, like Toledo and other cities, was practically handed over to Franco's forces. All has been quiet on the Aragon front, key to winning the war, because the Government dared not give the Anarchists and the P.O.U.M. militiamen too many machine-guns.

After the fall of Malaga, General Asencio and Colonel Villalba were removed from the War Ministry because they sabotaged the defence of that city. But the leaders of the C.N.T. and the P.O.U.M. charge that there are still many Generals and others occupying high positions who are counter-revolutionists, secretly in sympathy with the Fascists. They demand the removal of all such anti-proletarian officials. They demand a thoroughly proletarian revolutionary government cleansed of doubtful " bourgeois elements," and they want working-class control of the army and police, and of factories and farms.

If you are puzzled as to why the Communists and Socialists join with the Left Republicans and Catalonian Nationalists in opposing such a revolutionary programme, the Anarchists and the P.O.U.M. will answer that the policies of both the Second and Third Internationals are no longer revolutionary, but reformist and social democratic. They will tell you that the Comintern has long since abandoned its hope for a world revolution—until after the world war they are sure is on the horizon. The Spanish Communist Party has become an instrument of the Soviet Foreign Office.

The Soviet Government, they maintain, and hence the Comintern, under the Stalinist dictatorship, want no revolution in Spain or anywhere else at present for fear it would weaken the chances of a military alliance with England as with France. Soviet Russia seeks security and will sacrifice the Spanish Revolution because Anglo-French imperialism demands it as the price of possible military aid to Russia against German-Italian-Japanese aggression, Andres Nin, P.O.U.M. leader, told me last week. He said that the only hope of saving the Spanish Revolution lies in an acceptance by the Anarchists of a Bolshevik line of action. That hope seems dim; however fine their revolutionary spirit the Anarchists have an implacable hatred of Marxism and Leninism.

Their lack of political clarity, the absence of any consistent political policy whatever, plus their hatred of discipline and dictatorship, weaken them in a struggle for power against a party which is as highly disciplined as an army and knows exactly what it wants and how to get it.

It is indeed fortunate that there is even greater friction among the forces under Franco—between Spaniards and Germans and Italians and Moors, between monarchists and Fascists and right republicans. Franco's military efficiency is also crippled by internal conflict, and after four months of thinking about it I am convinced the Fascists can never win, despite disunity among the anti-Fascist forces.

LISTON M. OAK

WHAT IS HAPPENING IN THE PEACE MOVEMENT?

THERE is in process of formation to-day a new Pacifist Front, or, rather, two new Pacifist Fronts. Prior to 1935 the great mass of pacifist opinion was ranged behind the League. The Abyssinian fiasco broke up the mass. There was a period of fluidity, and currents of opinion ran this way and that without definition of boundary or direction of aim. To-day the floods have subsided; definite landmarks have again appeared, and it is possible to take soundings and chart the territory.

Pacifist opinion to-day is crystallising broadly around three policies. There are, first, the advocates of Collective Security. These are definitely in retreat. Faith in the League has not recovered from the Abyssinian failure, nor does it seem likely to do so. Collective Security is still the official policy of the Labour Party; the League of Nations Union still functions, and the League itself is still a straw to which a large body of not very informed political opinion, the residue of the 11 million Peace Balloteers, still, I suppose, vaguely clings. Collective Security still has, moreover, its powerful advocates—for example, Lord Cecil, Sir Norman Angell and Gilbert Murray—who talk of international conferences and commissions under the aegis of a revivified League, and caution us against throwing up the Geneva sponge. At the moment, however, they are fighting a losing battle. The League army makes few recruits and suffers increasingly from the desertion of the disillusioned. In particular, young people of Left-wing sympathies now coming to maturity will have none of it. In recent months I have talked to undergraduate audiences in Oxford, Manchester and London on the issues raised by the Government's rearmament programme. At no one of these meetings was a vigorous League policy advocated as the best method of meeting present difficulties and dangers. I conclude that the generation which has grown to political consciousness since Mussolini successfully got away with his Abyssinian adventure has, at any rate for the present, lost faith in the League as an instrument for the deterring of wrongdoers and the prevention of war. To what, then, does it pin its faith, since it is not in human nature, especially in the twenties, to sit with folded hands and eyes carefully averted from the approach of catastrophe?

A large and, I think, a growing number of young people adheres to what I will call the pure pacifist position. War, they hold, is probably inevitable. Very well then, they argue,

we will have nothing whatever to do with it. Neither it nor the circumstances out of which it arises are of our making, and we refuse to acknowledge a duty to take part. The last war has demonstrated, if, in the light of history, further demonstration were needed, that no ends of value are attained by force. This truism has a special point in relation to the conditions under which the next war will be fought. There is, we are assured, no defence against the bombing aeroplane. Within a few weeks or even days from the outbreak of war panic will sweep through London and other large cities. Apart from the destruction wrought by explosive and thermite bombs and by gas, it seems probable that the services which are the nerves of a modern community—heat, light, transport and drainage—will break down. The roads leading from great cities will be jammed by panic-stricken mobs trying to escape from the terror from the air, while hordes of fugitives will spread out over the countryside, plundering and looting in search of food and shelter. There is thus envisaged a complete breakdown of the material basis of civilised life, save only on one condition, namely, that an iron autocracy takes charge of the government, imposes order by military discipline, shoots disaffected persons with or without trial, and, incidentally, suppresses all the hard-won liberties of the last two centuries.

Such a regime would embody all the worst features of Fascism. Thus, whatever the aims for which the war is fought, to establish Socialism, to defend Democracy, or to crush Fascism, the effect will be the same, namely, the establishment of Fascism as an alternative to anarchy. Nothing, then, is to be gained by fighting. Something, however, may be saved by a refusal to fight, even if it is only peace of mind. Hence the appeal of such a movement as the Peace Pledge Union. It is making considerable progress at the universities; its meetings are characterised by a religious fervour, and the force of its appeal seems likely to grow rather than to diminish. It is, of course, admitted that as a method of preventing war pure pacificism is at present negligible; but if war is in any event inevitable, this fact is unimportant. The movement is thus religious rather than political in its nature, and aims at the preservation of individual integrity in the face of war rather than at the prevention of war. Its effect is to withdraw a substantial number of young men and women from active participation in politics and to concentrate their attention upon the discipline of self-improvement.

The other main focus of crystallisation is the group of ideas associated with the Popular Front. The argument is, briefly, as follows. War is again treated as inevitable, the reasons for this estimate being largely those upon which Communist theory lays stress. It is also pointed out that for Fascism, which lives by alarms and excursions, expansion is a condition of survival. Dictatorships must provide their people with bread or circuses and, when the bread is scanty, the circuses must be abundant; or, to translate into modern terms, when the butter is meagre, the guns must be many. There is, then, no limit in theory to Fascist aggression, and in practice Fascism will stir up trouble wherever opportunity offers. Abyssinia and Spain are thus but the preludes to Czechoslovakia, Hungary or the Ukraine.

It follows that there can be no peace under Fascism, and no permanent peace with Fascism. If, then, things must "come to a show down," the sooner the better, since with every fresh aggression the Fascist Powers grow stronger and more confident, and the democratic Powers relatively weaker. As a friend put it to me recently in conversation, the farther the British lion's tail recedes between his legs the more easily it gets twisted—a little hard this on the Government's frantic rearmament efforts!

The conclusion is that we should take our stand against Fascism here and now, which means in effect either active intervention in Spain on the Government side, or indirect intervention by an insistence on the withdrawal of volunteers. In a word, we must call what is believed to be the Fascist bluff, and, if it turns out not to be bluff, be prepared to fight.

Certain consequences follow. If war must come, it is important to be on the right side. The right side is the side of Democracy and Socialism. Let us, then, form a military alliance with Russia as well as with France and invite all like-minded democratic Powers to join us. In a war fought with such allies, victory will bring peace to the world; it will also, incidentally, bring Socialism to the world. Secondly, it is essential that victory should in fact be won, and we must, therefore, be as strong as possible. It is to this corollary that we owe the curious spectacle of ex-pacifists supporting the Government's rearmament programme, and hard-bitten Left-wingers waxing enthusiastic over the British Navy and indignant over the threat to our trade routes to the East. All this is logical enough. If you decide to trust to the sword, you should at least have the sense to see that it is sharp. But to a pacifist like myself there is something a little terrifying in this enthusiasm for a new Holy War. At a meeting which I was unfortunate enough to be addressing at a recent Conference, there appeared a member of the International Column, wounded from Spain. As he walked down the hall, the audience broke out into a tumult of applause. Led by the hero of the hour, one young man after another rose up to exhort us to destroy Fascism, to fight against reaction, to save democracy and to establish Socialism, assuring us that the war in Spain was as much our war as the Spaniards', and that, if we did not stop Fascism in Madrid, we should have to fight it in Paris and London. As one listened to these speakers, it was impossible to avoid being reminded of similar scenes in 1914. The exhortations to fight were no less earnest then, the war-cries no less praiseworthy, the reasons no less cogent. Then, too, men fought for Liberty, for Democracy and against Militarism. They also fought to establish the rule of right in the world—with what results we know.

It is no part of my intention to take sides on this issue. The defects of both points of view are, indeed, so painfully obvious that to choose between them is at best to choose the lesser of two evils. It is all very well to support the Government rearmament policy, but how far is our support to go? Rearmament does not yet involve industrial conscription, but it may stop very little short of that. Other measures no less hateful to those of us who belong to the Left are already in contemplation—the registration of workers, the militarisation of teaching in the schools, the suppression of criticism, the allocation of districts to the charge of semi-military air-raid wardens, in a word, all those measures by which a Government seeks to strengthen its hand in war through the improvement of what is called civilian morale. Are all these to have the support of those who would gird on the sword to fight Fascism? And what guarantee have they that the arms whose accumulation they regard with such complacency will be used by this Government for purposes of which they can even remotely approve? Or what prospect do they see of a Labour Government who would use them more acceptably?

Nevertheless, the pure pacifist attitude is not one which it is easy to sustain. By admitting that it is impracticable in the sense that the country will not conceivably adopt it, its sponsors declare it not a policy, but the negation of a policy. Now youth may be seduced by negation, but it cannot live on it. And what reply is to be made to the question, "Suppose that you were a Spanish Socialist who loyally supported the Government; what would you have done when the generals revolted in July? Would *you* have permitted them to usurp the authority of a lawfully constituted government and establish Fascism over your passive body?" The answer is not easy.

I conclude with one observation. Both the attitudes which I have described are based on the assumption that war is inevitable and the League sick beyond recovery. These assumptions are plausible but far from certain. War may yet be avoided. If it can, and we cannot know that it cannot, it must surely be wrong to diminish by an iota through any deliberate act of ours, the chances of its avoidance. Again, it is by no means certain that Germany cannot be induced to

co-operate in the salvaging of Europe, or that the League will not again become a force in world affairs. Stranger things have happened. It is at least certain in the long run that in international government lies our only defence against war. It can never be right to abandon the advocacy of a long-run method of salvation, merely because circumstances are unfavourable to its short-run application.

C. E. M. JOAD

A LONDON DIARY

FROM my point of view—an elevated but not conspicuous one about half-way along the south side of the Mall—the Coronation procession was divided into two very distinct parts. The first was pure *Alice in Wonderland*—I enjoyed it exactly as I enjoyed my first pantomime and my first circus. Here was a world of make-believe incredibly and fantastically come to life. The Beefeaters, the King's Bargemaster and twelve Watermen, the Arabian Nights Aides-de-camp, and then the vast fairy coach with its comic gilt Titans and gingerbread horses and gorgeous postilions, and the King and Queen inside, looking quite unreal, but very nice, like splendid dolls. This was true Fairyland. The only figure missing was Prince Charming.

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The arrangements seemed to me admirable. I got to my seat about 6.0; two hours later would have done just as well. But it was great fun walking through St. James's in the early morning. There were gleams of sun; miraculous tulips standing in mass formation, so straight and brilliant that they might have been trying to put the Guards to shame. And then the scarlet Guards themselves, resting with their busbys parked in rows on the muzzles of their rifles. All very informal; coffee to be had and hot dogs. And then as diversion men up plane trees. Two, perched only just off the route, are spotted by a group of mounted police chiefs and Guards officers. They are told to come down. But with an admirable sense of realities they have their backs to the Mall and are reading newspapers. Nothing disturbs them, not the voices of the police nor the delighted cheers and laughter of the crowd. At last the police have the sense to laugh too; they can do nothing without a scene, a hose-pipe and much unpopularity. They pass along and everyone claps. A democratic incident I would have liked Goebbels to see. The progress of the coaches to Westminster with their blue and pink and yellow liveries, the cars of the Foreign Potentates which pass quickly—perhaps wisely, for Blomberg is in one and Litvinov in another—and the six Prime Ministers (there is Mr. Baldwin—the real architect of to-day's proceedings), and then the Royal procession—all this is such fun that I forget that the Coronation may be more than a pantomime. But the second procession—of troops on their way to join the main procession after the Abbey service—brings me to earth again. Troops of many colours from all over the world, with the light catching their bayonets all the way from the Admiralty Arch to Buckingham Palace. A small boy behind me recites their nationalities to his mother as they pass. And then, suddenly, as the gorgeous Indian cavalry rides by, he says, "Oh, Mummy, *haven't* we got an Empire!"

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I know people who so much dislike Mr. Baldwin's style of preaching that they welcome any alternative Prime Minister. The present regime, they say, bull doses the public and prevents any problem "coming to a head." They like abscesses to come to a head; they like to face realities and prefer the class-conscious capitalist to the mealy-mouth hymn singing . . . and so on. My own guess is that in six months' time many of Mr. Baldwin's bitterest critics will be regretting his departure. Some of the younger and more progressive Conservatives have been fed up with Mr. Baldwin; they complain of his laziness, his phlegm, his inertia at home and abroad. But they like him personally. One of them said to me the other day after hearing Mr. Baldwin soliloquise in an expansive mood: "He is mellow like a ripe old vintage port. After all you can't lead a party for fourteen years and not acquire some wisdom. Compared with Mr. Baldwin, Mr. Chamberlain is crude, harsh stuff and after seeing him fumble over his budget and practically abandon it before his critics—taxation of profits is the one thing Conservative M.P.s really understand—we don't feel very happy about the new regime." Mr. Chamberlain, they complain, is an isolated man, of honest and severe integrity, but with just no faculty for understanding what the other man is thinking; clear-sighted within blinkers, but without that width of outlook and understanding which you need in a Prime Minister. He has not a touch of imagination and said to be incapable of give and take. He cannot even make those small concessions which mean little in substance but which ease relations between political parties. Not because he is particularly reactionary—he isn't—but because he does not understand that a small concession may have a large psychological effect. A strict, upright and unsympathetic character.

* * *

The Earl of Bewdley—I suppose this will be Mr. Baldwin's new name—will be saved much routine that bores him and be released for the jobs he really likes. One of these is the Pilgrim Trust. With Mr. Tom Jones as secretary, and Lord Macmillan, Lord Tweedsmuir (John Buchan), Sir James Irvine and Sir Josiah Stamp as fellow Trustees, Mr. Baldwin has the responsibility of spending a couple of million pounds for the good of England. If you want to see what they do with the money you should read the Trust's sixth annual report, which has recently been published from its offices at 10 York Buildings, Adelphi. It is finely produced, written not as a blue book, but with distinction and freshness of style. Mainly, the book falls into two types—first, "social service," and, secondly, the preservation of "national treasures"—i.e., the countryside, ancient buildings and valuable records. The report explicitly repudiates any pretence that its social service activities—holiday camps, settlements, training centres, allotment schemes, etc.—are more than palliatives, but they argue that in many cases such palliatives decide whether a man retains his self-respect or whether he rots in misery and humiliation. The book is illustrated throughout with excellent photographs; it is worth having for the pictures of the buildings and tracts of country that are being saved. I want to put in a special appeal to Mr. Baldwin to examine very particularly the question of saving the coastguard path all round our shores, and I have some other suggestions. . . And Mr. Baldwin is, I think, as likely to pay attention to any suggestion of this sort as he is certain not to notice any political comment. He is notoriously sleepy at Cabinet meetings, but I'm told that he knows all the details of every penny that the Pilgrim Trust proposes to spend on preserving the countryside or helping the unemployed. He has, I suspect, a kindly cynicism about politics; about the Pilgrim Trust, in which he can see results and have his own way, he is, I gather, extremely practical, keen and on the spot. I'm sure he thinks the meetings of the Trustees much more important than Cabinet meetings.

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In this Diary I have often raised a faint and all too ineffective bleat of protest against the appetite for destruction which seizes bishops, landlords and public authorities at the sight of any beautiful building left in London. Mr. Robert Byron has now written a pamphlet on the subject called *How we Celebrate the Coronation: A Word to London Visitors* (Architectural Review, 1s.). Under this pleasantly seasonable title he conceals an attack on powerful and respectable persons which is positively un-English—that is to say he imitates the satire of Swift and the vituperation of Burke. He shows that where the French and other civilised peoples guard the inherited amenities of their cities with jealous care we gaily destroy one irreplaceable building after another. He is at his liveliest on the subject of the Bishop of London's assaults upon the City churches, on the Archbishop of Canterbury's surprising scheme for commemorating King George V by

destroying the eighteenth-century elegance of Abingdon Street, and on the proposal of the British Museum—"an institution devoted to the diffusion of knowledge"—to spoil Bedford Square. Mr. Byron's invective is a pleasant relief after the spate of terrible Supplements which are apparently *de rigueur* in Coronation week. Another excellent, if less provocative, exception is the *Economist's* elegant illustrated London supplement. The architectural article is excellent and there is a specially apt and caustic article on *Government by Anomaly*, exposing the anarchy and overlapping in the provision of public services.

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Last Saturday my friend H. came down from the North of England on an all-night train. There was a big crowd for the Coronation and an extra demand for "sleepers." But no extra sleeping cars were put on the train and many people spent the night lying in the corridors. H. had an early connection to make at Liverpool Street. He arrived there at 7 o'clock and found thirty or forty dilapidated visitors who, like him, naturally wanted breakfast. At this big station—a place of arrival from the Continent—the only place of refreshment open was a tea-room; and the tea-room was being washed. H. succeeded in getting a cup of tea off a wet table. The only food to be had in Liverpool Street was a 2*d.* packet of biscuits and an egg-sandwich held over from the day before. Surely an astonishing thing that one cannot get breakfast at 7 a.m. at Liverpool Street! I think the explanation of our railway companies' indifference to our comfort is that they used to be ahead of other people in the nineteenth century and that they have assumed that they are ahead ever since. Actually, from the point of view of station architecture, sanitary accommodation (there is no hot water and not much cleanliness on most local English trains), or meals on the trains or in the stations, the English railways system is now behind most Continental countries and just miles behind the U.S.A. Our Directors ought to send somebody to have a look at the Pennsylvania or the Grand Central Stations in New York City.

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X. remarked that he was going to have a very good time on Coronation day at his Pall Mall club. His ticket to see the procession included good meals and there would be plenty of alcohol. "Yes," said Y. "in Pall Mall I expect it will be a case of 'cirrhosis, cirrhosis, all the way'."

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A correspondent informs me that a decorated sweetshop in Durham has plastered across the window: "Coronation Humbugs for sale." CRITIC

THIS ENGLAND

Our prize of 5/- for the contribution at the head of the column goes this week to Mr. Gwilym R. Jones.
All cuttings should be addressed to "This England," 10 Great Turnstile, High Holborn, W.C.1.

The English people cannot, with any justification, be accused of mixing commercialism with patriotism.—*Birkenhead News.*

A man, who it was stated by a police superintendent was at present under probation on condition that he was not to enter a public-house or club, applied to the Pontypridd (Glamorgan) magistrates yesterday for the removal of the ban during Coronation week. The Stipendiary granting the application for Coronation Day, remarked to the applicant: "You are very loyal and Royal." The man left the court smiling.—*Aberdeen Press and Journal.*

I have in my possession a small tin box, issued in 1902 by a famous firm of chocolate manufacturers, to commemorate the Coronation of King Edward VII and Queen Alexandra. It still contains the original bar of chocolate intact and in perfect condition. It would be interesting to know, among your readers, if any similar souvenir is still in existence, and if it is of any value.—Letter in *Morning Post.*

Apart from the Spanish war, a lull may now be expected in foreign affairs until after the Coronation.—*The Scotsman.*

In the fashion season which has just ended fabrics, coiffures and styles followed keenly on Windsor-Simpson modes. One popular fabric which flooded the market had a dark background, was sprinkled with bright-coloured circles composed of letters spelling "I LOVE YOU." The Duke, after his Adriatic trip last year, contributed the stylish Dalmatian note.—*Daily Mirror.*

He [the Duke of Norfolk] hunts regularly on blood-stock horses of his own choosing and breeding, once showed a surprising sense of humour by flicking a pat of butter on to a screen at a dinner party.—*Cavalcade.*

She told me she had been thinking about the dogs that belonged to the Royal Family, and she felt sure they must know they are serving the King and Queen, and how proud they must feel.—*Spiller's Dog's Journal.*

After seeing endless Coronation emblems and banners, I have noticed one odd coincidence that happily conjoins the King and our national mascot, the bulldog. Wherever the King is honoured are to be seen the letters G.R., which may be construed as the warning growl of the symbolic bulldog. Thus is national sentiment re!nit and focused—the people, their country and their sovereign.—Letter in *Daily Mirror.*

THE KNOWING ONES

How often the landsman inquiring how many knots an hour a ship—say, the *Queen Mary*—can do has been corrected by the knowing ones and told that one must not say "knots an hour," since the word "knots" denotes time as well as distance! Someone has recently discovered that Rudyard Kipling, poet of the Seven Seas, was guilty of this outrage on nautical English, and has duly rebuked him in the *Sunday Times*. I am glad to see, however, that another correspondent, an ex-commander in the Royal Navy, has hastened to Kipling's defence, and suggests that the ban on the use of the words "per hour" with "knots" is a fairly modern piece of pedantry. He points out that Captain Basil Hall, in his *Fragments of Voyages and Travels*, which was published in 1831, spoke of a ship's being "carried through the water at the rate of several knots per hour," and added: "It may interest some persons to explain that, in nautical language, the words 'mile' and 'knot' are used synonymously."

There is older authority even than this for "knots per hour" in the *Oxford Dictionary*. The dictionary, it is true, suggests that in the passages quoted the word "knot" is "loosely used as if equivalent to nautical mile." Still, the passages do come from such unlandlubberly works as *Anson's Voyages* and Captain Cook's *Voyages*. In the first of these—written by Anson's chaplain—we are told: "The ship went ten knots an hour." And in the second we have a reference to the tide's running "five knots an hour." Marryat, who knew something of the sea, is also quoted on the strength of a sentence in *Peter Simple*: "We were going twelve knots an hour." Unless my memory deceives me, the same locution occurs in the autobiography of an eighteenth-century sea captain, *Ramblin' Jack*, which was published last year from an old manuscript.

If you speak of so many knots an hour, then, you do so in excellent company. And you have common sense on your side too, for, whatever may be true of sailors, the ordinary landsman thinks of a knot as a measure of distance alone. It is true that the knot is never mentioned except with reference to time. Mention of time is superfluous, as mention both of time and distance is superfluous when the motorist says of his car: "She can do seventy." Language, it is said, usually follows the line of least resistance, and laziness bids us discard words that may be taken for granted. The motorist, for example, not only refers to mileage without mentioning miles, but almost invariably leaves out the word "gear" when boasting of the capacity of his car for hill-climbing. He says: "I did Dumbleby Hill in top to-day and never fell below thirty." It may be that at some future date these

abbreviations will become consecrated, and that a man will be looked on as a mishandler of the King's English if he elongates the sentence I have quoted into: "I did Dumbleby Hill in top gear to-day and never fell below thirty miles an hour." Abbreviations become conventions, and not to use them seems pedantic.

Thus the Englishman, going with a friend into a public-house, calls for "two bitters." He would be regarded either as an ignoramus or as a would-be humorist if he asked the barmaid for "two glasses of bitter beer." He does not object to superfluous language, for he often, in a spirit of camaraderie, asks for "a nice glass of bitter," but he will not call bitter "bitter beer." In the same way he asks for a "bitter and Burton" or, still more concisely, for a "B.B."; he would feel hopelessly pedantic if he spoke correctly and asked for "a glass of bitter beer and Burton ale (or beer) mixed." In Ireland, the stout-drinker often omits the word "stout" in giving his orders. He calls simply for "a pint," and leaves the rest to the imagination of the barman. In the same way, half the whisky-drinkers all over the world, never mention the word "whisky." They ask for "Scotch" or "a drop of Irish"—for "a Johnny Walker" or "a Jameson." And, if they take soda-water they omit the "water" in their orders. I do not remember ever hearing anyone asking for "a small Scotch whisky and a small bottle of soda-water." Even a splash of soda-water is in normal speech shortened to a "splash." This is all very lazy and very natural. It is all, indeed, on a par with "twenty knots."

At the same time, it is to my mind pedantic to insist that abbreviations of this kind are not only correct English but the only correct English to express what they mean. It is a sad fate to become a slave to abbreviations. Think of the unhappy plight of the Oxford man who dare not call a quad a "quadrangle." He dare hardly even mention the word "street" in the names of the streets of his city, but speaks of "the High," "the Corn," and so forth. On the other hand, mainly in order to trip up the stranger, he lays it down that, though you may call Balliol College "Balliol" and University College "Univ.," you must on no account call New College "New." To speak of "New" has the same effect on an Oxford man as sucking a lemon in his presence was once supposed to have on a trombone player in a German band. It is one of the things that simply are not done and that cut a man to the quick.

It is a strange fact that, however unconventional we may be in temperament, most of us long to submit to convention. At table, we automatically protect our laps with napkins, because that is the correct thing in England, and few of us would have the courage to imitate those much more sensible foreigners who use the napkin to protect even their chests from falling soup and vegetables. Similarly, in periods in which it becomes a convention not to use a knife when eating fish or a spoon when eating a sweet dish, we find even men with giant intellects restricting themselves to their forks, when a knife or a spoon would enable them to dine much more comfortably. The right thing in convention commands a far wider obedience than the right thing in morals. To err in morals is merely to err in the sight of Heaven; but to err in convention is to err in the sight of your neighbours—which is much more humiliating. To discover that you have offended against their conventions is to feel like someone who has been blackballed by a club. You are an outsider: you have failed to learn the password.

I was told the other day by an ex-schoolmaster, who had been a teacher for some time in one of the modern unconventional schools, that, though the education in the school was in most respects admirable, it had one great drawback: it sent children out into the world, he declared, ignorant of the ordinary conventions and so gave many of them an inferiority complex when they were thrown into the company of people whose conventions they did not know. That is the evidence of only one witness, and, no doubt, there is an answer to it. Yet experience tells us that the passion for doing "the right thing" is so strong and so infectious that only those who take a perverse pleasure in rebellion are immune from it. And even the rebellious Bohemians are usually anxious to do "the right thing" from the Bohemian point of view. Every form of human society has its own rigid conventions. I have never been a gangster, but I have heard that gangsters are no less particular about their code of behaviour than was the Court of Queen Victoria.

I have, I confess, no great objection to convention. Convention, it seems to me, serves a useful social purpose in suppressing the grossness of individualism while allowing free play to the grace of individuality. It is like metre in poetry. Shakespeare could submit to this and at the same time make an entirely original use of it. I dislike convention only when it becomes a Chinese tyranny like the Popean couplet. Or when it reaches a point at which you are laughed at for saying "twenty knots an hour." Or when it is made a matter of importance not to put the "the" before the name of a warship or a yacht.

Fortunately, the authorities on "the correct thing" in such matters usually quarrel with each other. No sooner does someone, in the name of correctness, lay it down that you must say *Rodney* and *Britannia* instead of the *Rodney* and the *Britannia* than some one else, equally expert, makes it clear that the omission of the "the" in the names of ships is a modern barbarism. The popular instinct, I fancy, is to put "the" before the names of inanimate objects, like ships and airships, and to leave it out before the names of living creatures, like horses, bulls, and greyhounds. Authorities on the conventions are wrong as often as they are right. Some time ago, conventionalists were writing to the press, for example, deploring the fact that, when the King's health was drunk, it was going out of fashion to drink the toast to the accompaniment of the phrase, "The King—God bless him!" This, it was said, was the correct response to the toast at every officers' mess. No sooner was this authoritatively stated, however, than other authorities came forward to point out that "The King—God bless him!" was a vulgarism against the use of which King Edward VII, himself a stickler for etiquette, had vehemently protested. The truth is, of course, that such things do not matter, but the truth also is that most of us think they matter. "Knots an hour," for instance. I should never have the courage to say "twenty knots an hour." But Captain Cook did, and Kipling did. Oh, to be a man and not a mouse! Y.Y.

A FAMILY AFFAIR

AUSTRALIA and New Zealand stand vast and lonely in the South Pacific Ocean. Their combined populations are scarcely equal to that of Greater London, and they obtain the bulk of their income from the export of produce by way of the seven seas to Europe. They have every reason in the world to stand together politically and economically, and yet at the present time they are united in nothing save their common ancestry and allegiance to the British Crown. Here are the facts.

Some years ago the Australian Government, to maintain prices and safeguard Victorian and Tasmanian growers, placed an embargo on imports of New Zealand potatoes and apples. In 1932 the New Zealand Government, ostensibly because of the risk of introducing certain plant diseases into the Dominion, but actually to retaliate against the Commonwealth, and, incidentally, to encourage trade with the United States by way of Californian oranges, imposed an embargo on imports of Australian citrus fruits.

As a result oranges, lemons and grape fruit became scarce and dear in New Zealand, and potatoes increased in price in Australia until they were almost twice as dear as potatoes sold in the sister Dominion. The situation was and is manifestly ridiculous, for New Zealand grows more and better potatoes than Australia, while the Commonwealth grows an

abundance of fine citrus fruits which New Zealand cannot produce on account of her climate. Level-headed people in both countries pointed this out, and conferences of politicians and experts were called to settle the problem, but at these meetings differences became even more pronounced, and at present the deadlock is so firmly established that a solution seems as far distant as ever.

There are other reasons than the potato-citrus fruit comedy to account for the economic estrangement between Australia and New Zealand. For some years the latter country has had an adverse balance of trade with the former. Australia is near to New Zealand, and the currencies of each are at approximate parity, so the Dominion has lately found it cheap to import from the Commonwealth many manufactures that she used to purchase from Britain, the United States and Canada. So, despite mutual tariff walls, the balance of trade has for several years been two to one in Australia's favour.

Moreover, New Zealand competes with Australia in the English market for primary produce, and has often had to yield before her sister Dominion's superior economic weight. When Australia reduced the value of her currency, New Zealand had to follow suit, else she would have been at a serious disadvantage in London. To-day Australia seems to goad the British Government into regulating produce imports into the United Kingdom by her policy of restricting imports of British manufactures into the Commonwealth. New Zealand, finding that her own exports come under the quota schemes, feels that she has done nothing to deserve it.

Then it must not be forgotten that New Zealand was at first a dependency of Australia. An inferiority complex undoubtedly exists in the Dominion that has affected relations between the countries, and that, added to the tangible economic grievances, encourages bad feeling. A speaker at a recent luncheon in Wellington remarked that he looked upon Australians and New Zealanders as one people. A New Zealander present got up and protested seriously that the remark was nothing short of an insult. When a Professor of English in Christchurch suggested that young New Zealanders should ape the speech of Australians rather than Englishmen, a New Zealander wrote furiously to the local paper:

> Why not ape the English if the other alternative is, as proposed by Professor Sinclaire, to ape the Australians? We are getting used to his vituperation as regards New Zealand and the English. I know Australia from the sugar and banana plantations of the north right through to the professor's beloved west, and we have little to learn from the people in those regions as regards speech or affected speech. An Englishman is not known as a Pommy over there, it is a blankety blank blank Pommy, and we are blankety blank blank Pig Islanders. Expressive? Poisonously so, and only typical Australian which the professor so admires. I know a military college well in New South Wales which has as many abominable young cubs as any other military college, English or otherwise. I am not defending the English; they can easily defend themselves against such absurd statements; but as for aping the Australians, as Professor Sinclaire advises us to do, I think he is doomed to disappointment.

The Englishman who only knows Australia and New Zealand as adjacent countries on an isolated part of the map may find it difficult to believe that there is little relation between the art, literature and music of the two Dominions. But this is so. To all intents and purposes there are few cultural links that can be directly traced to interchange of discoveries and ideas. The Australian press contains no more New Zealand news than do the London papers, and vice versa. As the Sydney *Bulletin* pointed out recently, the tendency is "for the Dominion and the Commonwealth to deal with questions of mutual concern without reference to each other." In such matters as defence, air services and mails, education, and, above all, foreign policy, the two countries are as mutually exclusive as any two States in modern Europe.

I am mentioning this matter not because it is of pressing concern to London, but because it is consistently overlooked by Imperial publicists. It is impossible to discuss Imperial affairs intelligently without a full knowledge of the mutual relations of the Dominions. Even a family affair may point a moral for the wise.

DONALD COWIE

Correspondence

SPAIN AND THE P.P.U.

SIR,—That THE NEW STATESMAN AND NATION should want to ginger up the P.P.U. seems to me both natural and salutary. Experience in the past has, as you know, convinced me that when you are critical of us we had better listen. What may feel like a good kick in the pants may well carry the Movement forward and should therefore be received according to the principle of turning the other cheek. Moreover, when you write "The question is whether it (the P.P.U.) can do anything before war comes," you ask, in my judgment, the only political question that is worth asking at the moment. For my own belief is that, in a very material sense, the war—so far as this country is concerned—has already begun. It began with rearmament and is now being carried on by the absorption of the civil population in the totalitarian machine. And this the P.P.U. has already endeavoured to point out in its twopenny pamphlet *The Meaning of Rearmament*.

The orthodox political Left is, of course, more concerned just now with the war in Spain than anything that is happening in this country. And this is very natural, because propaganda looks melodramatic against a tragic background, and is much easier than political activity on the home front where the war presents the appearance of peace and prosperity.

So that when Critic reprimands the P.P.U. for "taking no official part" in the movement which concentrates the whole of public attention upon Spain, I think you pay us a compliment we doubtfully deserve. We are not really as politically wise as all that, and if the chance had offered, I am sure we should have been ready to buy a fishing smack, christen it "The Good Sheppard," and send it bumping into the other boats round Bilbao. But being only humanly, and not "officially," interested in Spanish Relief, we have been concentrating our efforts upon collecting goods and money which have been given direct to the admirable organisations on the spot. We have already raised over £500 in this way and anyone ignorant of our part in the work of Spanish Relief might profitably consult the recent numbers of *Peace News* or make inquiries of the *War Resisters International* through Mr. H. Runham Brown.

Is it culpable to give support without the ostentation of self-advertisement? If so, we plead guilty; but that seems to be our only weakness in this matter.

May I add that, although the P.P.U. has recently been considerably strengthened by the accession of the *No More War Movement*, war resistance represents rather less than half the purpose of the P.P.U., which, as a body of persons seeking practical peace, was never going forward more quickly and powerfully than it is to-day. Again, this is only natural, for events in Spain are now showing everyone that nothing less than absolute pacifism can ensure "adequate precaution" against mass massacre; or, in other words, that abstention is the only cure for organised madness.

MAX PLOWMAN

The Peace Pledge Union,
96 Regent Street, London, W.1.

SIR,—Surely "Critic's" unfavourable comparison of the recently formed Peace Pledge Union with the Society of Friends, which has such a long and fine tradition behind it, is somewhat ungenerous. The record of work for the relief of suffering possessed by the Society of Friends is probably unrivalled by that of any other organisation. Its membership always includes a number of young men and women who can afford to give some of their time to work which maintains their society's great reputation for humanitarian service, and who make it a point of honour to do so. But they would be the last to belittle the value of the Peace Pledge Union propaganda on behalf of the beliefs they share with its members. Is "Critic" prepared to hold that the moulding of public opinion through the press and on the platform is necessarily, for everyone, an inferior choice to that of a life of action, or that those who are engaged in the practical relief of suffering should show no respect for those who are working hard to persuade men of good will to refrain from behaviour which turns them into immediate *causes* of immense suffering when disputes arise between creeds and nations?

F. C. ADE

Eltham College, Mottingham, S.E.9.

COOKS AND CALORIES

SIR,—We are extremely glad to find that the question of the British housewife's choice and treatment of food has been raised authoritatively in your columns as a matter that bears closely on the national problem of nutrition and health. Ignorance of food values and of how to get the best out of food after it is bought is an obvious fact in the working-class households of large cities. It is also true, as your correspondent sympathetically notes, that normal circumstances in these homes do not make improvement easy. Working in a limited and usually crowded space, with insufficient equipment, with children to look after, and often a succession of quick meals to prepare at different times for various members of the household leaving for, or home from, factory, office and school, the housewife is not to be blamed if she chooses food by rule of thumb on the principle of most bulk for a penny; nor if she cooks it in the quickest instead of the soundest way; nor if she feeds her family beyond her means for three or four days after pay-day and makes up for it by over much bread and scraps thereafter. But improvement there can, and should, be.

For obvious reasons, this Company is deeply interested in the whole question of diet and health and, being unwilling to stop short at mere exposition of the problem, we have followed up the "Nutrition Film" (known perhaps to some of your readers) by a campaign of lecture-demonstrations under the general title of "Better Meals for the Money." With the co-operation of outside experts, and with the final approval of Professor V. H. Mottram of King's College, the Company recently drew up a week's detailed menu for a household of five (two children and a baby included) which could be bought for 4*s*. 6*d*. a head. It was not described as adequate, nor was any claim made for it except that there was no better way of laying out that sum to feed that family. The Company's lecturer-demonstrators have been engaged in explaining to their working-class audiences the significance of protective foods, the conception of balanced diet on which the menu is built up, and the best way to choose, buy and cook the meals involved. We are prepared to give the lectures not only in our showrooms but in welfare centres, mothers' clubs, institutes—wherever a suitable audience wants us to. Moreover in view of the interest in the idea displayed by many housewives with a little more money to spend we are now working out diets at 6*s*. and 7*s*. a head a week.

In view of your correspondent's demand for voluntary effort, this practical beginning should, perhaps, be recorded. And perhaps you will allow us also to comment on one really doubtful statement which he makes. He offers as one explanation of overhasty cooking the present cost of gas. In the weekly menu above referred to (a copy is enclosed) each meal is accompanied by the figure of cost at which our demonstrators actually cooked it, taking the gas at the figure at which it is sold through slot-meters to working-class users (10.7*d*. per therm, roughly equivalent in cooking effect to an electrical price of ½*d*. a unit without standing charges). The week's cooking for five was done for 1*s*. 4*d*. The dearest meal was the Sunday dinner which cost 2½*d*. It might be absurd to suggest that any commodity, from gas to grapefruit, might not be more freely used in poor households if its price could be lower. It is also true that in the conditions in which she works the housewife may find it difficult not to use rather more gas than a demonstrator doing a similar job; but that is the fault of the conditions, not the gas. Where economic factors—prices and conditions—are arraigned in relation to malnutrition, a great many items must be listed on the charge-sheet before we come to the misdemeanours of a commodity which can be made to give adequate service to five people for 2*d*. or so a day.

The Gas Light and Coke Co., Horseferry Road, Westminster, S.W.1.
S. C. LESLIE, Publicity Manager.

LEFT BOOK CLUB

SIR,—This Left Book Club correspondence is getting quite fantastic. Your anonymous correspondent "Author" is in a dreadful state of mind, because we Left authors are for the first time getting decently paid for our work (he *will* find it easy to make us object to that!), because L.B.C. members read the books; because they don't read the books, and for a number of other equally cogent reasons.

What has happened must be apparent to every child. But let me give the details. Just two years ago I was approached by a representative of the Workers Bookshop to sit on the Selection Committee of a Left Book Club which was to choose books from any publisher's list. A scheme was prepared and put up to every publisher who handles Left books. Only Gollancz accepted. For a year nothing happened, then Gollancz got tired of waiting and, after due notice, went ahead alone.

Now the thing has turned out to be a thundering success and people, who showed not the slightest inclination to help at the start, are deeply concerned about its "dangers." They make me tired.

What is true, however, is that the immense success of the Club has put a heavy responsibility on all of us who are connected with it. We are all acutely aware of that responsibility and do our very utmost to do our job well. Above all we strive to prevent the Club becoming narrowed to any particular sub-section of Left thought. For example, we do not dream of refusing to select a book simply because we do not agree with its conclusions. Can anyone suppose, for example, that either Laski, Gollancz or I agreed with the second part of Orwell's *Road to Wigan Pier* or, for different reasons, with the conclusions of Salvemini's *Under the Axe of Fascism*? Again during the coming months we shall have books by Attlee, Ramsay Muir and Palme Dutt. We should certainly be hard put to it to agree with all three of them.

Ewenbridge Farm, Shalford, Braintree.
JOHN STRACHEY

SIR,—However modestly an Englishman may wave aside—in conversation or in silence—his intellectual interests, he would, I think, dislike to be called a sheep—these animals being relegated to Germany, Russia and Italy.

Yet we have the "Book of the Month Club" and now the "Left Book Club." It is perhaps as difficult to be able to read as to be able to write. Authors, however, have their pride. They *think* that they can write. Readers, on the other hand, to judge by the easy mobilisation of their modesty by self-made bodies of self-made Popes, suffer from no delusions. They *know* that they can neither pick nor choose. Not for them the agonising pleasure of selection, the proud knowledge that they have lighted on a winner.

Have we not Mr. Walpole and Mr. Strachey to save us from all trouble?

Without one moment of irrelevant conjecture we know what to want and what to like. The "Left Book Club" is working in the classical post-war tradition. The Nazi, Fascist and Communist movements have a common front, the suppression of aesthetic standards. Presented with a non-choosing public the publisher can chuckle and the author can purr. The reader cannot complain since he has had his opinion's worth of printed matter, or rather somebody else's opinion's worth. It is interesting that the public is not even put off by the *thick* end of the wedge.

44 Bedford Square, W.C.1. ELIZABETH BIBESCO

AERIAL ADVERTISING

SIR,—I beg the liberty of your columns to reply to your correspondent who adversely criticised Aerial Advertising in your issue of April 24th.

With regard to his remarks on low flying, I would inform your correspondent that this is a matter under the control of the Air Ministry, which very efficient body insists upon certain standards in which the public's interests are very definitely provided for. Moreover, the companies operating Aerial Advertising such as ours, have invested some substantial sums in its development, and it must be obvious that they would not jeopardise such developments by indulging in a practice on which either the Air Ministry or the public would frown. In addition, pilots to whom this work is entrusted are men of many years' experience who can be relied upon not to conduct their activities in a manner likely to prejudice their Air Ministry Licences. Like captains, they are the sole masters of their craft.

Whilst, as your correspondent states, one may trail any advertisement across the sky, those whose interests and finance are involved in this business are extremely careful, not only in respect of operation of the medium, but also in respect of the products which they advertise. Many approaches have been made to the company which I represent by undesirable advertisers, but such attempts have been abortive. On the other hand, the Aerial Poster has loyally served such public-spirited efforts as

"Tell your Banker" Campaign, on behalf of King George V, Memorial Trust Fund.
London Hospitals Week.
Earl Haig's Poppy Day Appeal.

The Council for Health Education.
Recruiting Campaigns, etc., etc.

These instances will serve to show that Aerial Advertising has and is contributing substantially to many public-spirited efforts.

Concerning your correspondent's expression: "Is there anybody, except the sillier kind of advertiser, who would not welcome the prevention of this additional menace to one's peace and quiet?" I would inform him we are able to number amongst our clients, who have used the medium substantially, several of the most successful business houses in this country, and, contrary to it being considered a menace, it is thought in many circles that the Aerial Poster, against its picturesque background, is an interesting spectacle which, on account of its mobility, adds rather than detracts from the pleasure that the public experience when glancing skyward.

The fear your correspondent expressed in respect of the sun being blotted out is so absolutely ridiculous as to make a reply almost unnecessary. We would ask him to remember that thousands of aeroplanes operate at night time, yet the moon is never obliterated, not even temporarily, by aeroplanes.

Many new services have been adversely criticised at their inception, yet lived to render great service. Aerial Advertising can be classed with these. Advertising, and the important part it plays in British Industry needs no justification. What has been said in its defence generally can be applied to Aerial Advertising in particular. J. LYON GILLESPIE

Air Publicity Limited,
Shell-Mex House, Strand,
London, W.C.2.

DISCIPLINE—DEVELOPMENT

SIR,—May I answer briefly Joad's review of my *That Dreadful School*? It is a good review, a fair review, a flattering review . . . surprisingly enough, for friend Joad believes in square holes, while I live in a round one. His is an intellectual approach, while mine is an emotional one. Thus he cannot grasp the difference between licence and freedom at Summerhill because he presumably is preoccupied with philosophical ideas of both. He thinks about children; I live with them. And his thoughts lead him astray. He says that "to allow children to be themselves is to allow them to pull the wings off flies and to inflict pain upon one another for the sheer satisfaction of inflicting pain. . . ." In the years that Summerhill has been running I cannot remember one case of a child's picking off flies' wings, although there have been cases of bullying (in general due to the lack of love in the home). Joad's ideas of child nature would seem to agree with those who believe that the bombers of babies in Spain are expressing "human nature." We daren't dogmatise about human nature; all we dare do is to attempt to discover what it is. When Joad says that "children are intellectually lazy and averse from effort" he is dogmatising without sufficient observation. All or nearly all children are lazy when faced with the Old Men's tasks of learning Latin or Maths, but adults are lazy when faced with things that do not interest them. I spend hours at my lathe, but I am a lazy devil in tidying up afterwards. Life itself compels "free" children to do a thousand things that they don't want to do.

Joad mentions the multiplication table which he says won't be learned without outside compulsion. Well, what about it? When I went on the staff of King Alfred School round about 1918 I was appalled by the ignorance of the pupils. If I asked: "What are seven nines?" a girl or boy of fifteen would have to count up painfully almost on the fingers. Yet to-day some of these boys and girls are successful doctors and engineers and lawyers.

But I like Joad's story of the girl who just lay about in the woods and *developed*. I don't think, however, that she belonged to Summerhill; we have no woods, and of course the word develop would be beyond her vocabulary. Here she would probably say in answer to the question: "What do you do all day?" . . . "Oh, we do every inquiring visitor who strolls along."

Summerhill, Leiston, Suffolk. A. S. NEILL

GUERNICA

SIR,—Mr. Jonathan Griffin seeks to draw a lesson from the bombing of Guernica by telling us small food stores must be set up all over the country and anti-aircraft guns and batteries in "fair quantities" must be organised as "clearly if there were only anti-aircraft batteries . . . this systematic destruction and massacre of a whole city would be quite impossible." I wonder where he gets his facts and experience from, not from war? How often has the civilian to be told that the anti-aircraft gun is no better than it was in 1918 (when it was of very little use) and that aircraft are many times harder to hit now, that range-finding and sound-ranging gadgets are pretty but of small avail and that soon aircraft will fly so high as to be both inaudible and invisible, yet be able to bombard. There is no real defence. To say this is not to be "disloyal" or a pacifist, but merely to state the truth.

Academic discussion is of little import in comparison with experience and power to deduce. F. P. CROZIER,
East Lodge, Walton-on-Thames. Brig.-General.

IS THY SERVANT A DOG?

SIR,—Impatience with the consideration shown in this country to animals only too often excites the indignation of Roman Catholics and adherents of the Extremist Left. But why do they invariably ask that this sympathy should be diverted to *children*? Your correspondent Margaret O'Flaherty sees "on all sides good publicity for ill-treated cats and dogs and none for neglected children." (In spite of this a couple who left their children to starve have just been sentenced to twelve months imprisonment—all too light a sentence. Whereas the man who starved his dog to death a little while ago got off with £20 fine). And *I* see on all sides good publicity for neglected children and none for the aged and infirm poor. Why are *they* never suggested as fit subjects for compassion by people who think too much is expended on animals?

The anti-vivisectionist is always asked what he would do if his little child were dying of diphtheria, etc. He is never asked what he would do if his wife or his mother were the sufferer. If animal lovers carry their solicitude to excess, the same appears to be true of child lovers—who I have remarked are not always parents. E. B. D'AUVERGNE

12 Durham Terrace, W.2.

BLUM ON MARRIAGE

SIR,—I learn that Monsieur Blum's book on Marriage, which I recently reviewed in your pages, was published in France 30 years ago. Of this there is no indication in the English translation. If I had known this fact when I wrote my review, I should have worded some sentences differently. BERTRAND RUSSELL

Telegraph House, Harting, Petersfield.

WORKING CLASS LITERATURE

SIR,—Some of your readers may be interested to hear of the Exhibition of Working Class Literature which Collet's Bookshops are organising at No. 1 Doughty Street, W.C.1, from June 14th to 26th. The literature shown will form a first-hand record of the working class movement in England for the last hundred and fifty years, and ranges from the passionate democratic propaganda of the Chartist newspapers to the cheque for £23,000 damages paid by the N.U.R. at the time of the famous Taff Vale dispute. Much of the material to be shown has never been reprinted.

We have been fortunate in obtaining the loan of the whole of G. D. H. Cole's unique collection of books, prints and pamphlets, and other collectors are also contributing exhibits. No collection of this kind, however, can be said to be complete, and we would be very glad to hear from any of your readers who may have material of especial interest which they would be willing to lend for this purpose, on the understanding that anything so lent would be most carefully handled, and returned immediately the exhibition was over.

Readers willing to help in this way are asked if they would kindly communicate with the Exhibition Secretary, at 31 Gerrard Street, W.C.1, before actually sending anything, so that we may avoid duplication. EVA RECKITT

Miscellany

FRESH AIR

THE other day I was chatting with some highly cultivated—and highly intelligent—friends, and the subject of fresh air and ventilation happened to crop up. Every one of them took it for granted that fresh air is but another name for "pure" air, and that the whole purpose of ventilation is the maintenance

of the air of room or lecture hall or theatre in a state of chemical normality. They all assumed that, apart from bacterial infection, the hygienic evil of crowded and ill-ventilated rooms consists in a shortage of oxygen or a poisonous excess of carbon dioxide. On asking other friends—including two architects and even a doctor—I found that this view of the physiological significance of fresh air is still generally held. Moreover, the whole aim of those who devise or introduce into their houses or offices systems of " scientific ventilation " seems to be to replace stale air by fresh with the minimum of perceptible movement.

Take that classic instance of " bad ventilation," the Black Hole of Calcutta. It was neither oxygen-lack nor poisonous human emanations that accounted for that holocaust. Those people died from heat-stroke, not from suffocation. Commonly, it is not the air we breathe that matters so much, but the air which surrounds us ; the air with which our skin is in contact. There are a few exceptions, as well-sinkers and miners know, but nearly always and everywhere the air is pure enough for us to breathe without giving rise to unpleasant symptoms. It is the interaction between the air and the skin that accounts for nearly all the unhealthy and disagreeable consequences of staying too long in close or overcrowded rooms. After all, we get in the open air on a damp, sultry day much the same feeling as that we experience in a crowded and ill-ventilated room.

Here are a few elementary yet fundamental facts. The air we ordinarily breathe in contains roughly twenty-one volumes per cent. of oxygen, and something under 0.04 volumes per cent. of carbon dioxide. The air we breathe out contains approximately sixteen per cent. of oxygen, and four per cent. of carbon dioxide. Moreover, it is saturated with water vapour. Alveolar air, that is, the air in the cells of our lungs, contains from five to six per cent. of carbon dioxide and about fourteen per cent. of oxygen. At each breathing act we do not completely empty and refill the air-cells of our lungs. Even in " deep breathing " only about one-half of the air in the lung is changed.

There is another important and very relevant physiological fact. The normal stimulant to the respiratory centre in the brain is carbon dioxide in the blood ; and the slightest excess above, or diminution below, normal increases or decreases the rapidity and depth of respiration. In the worst ventilated room, the carbon dioxide content of the air never rises above one per cent. ; that is to say, one-fifth of its concentration in the lung. Such a percentage produces no recognisable symptoms whatever. It is only when the carbon dioxide content rises to three or four per cent. that the individual becomes conscious of an increase in his breathing rate. So far as chemical composition is concerned, however (apart from such extraneous poisons as carbon monoxide), it is oxygen-lack rather than carbon dioxide excess that is likely to cause distress. Yet it is only when the partial pressure of oxygen—normally about twenty-one per cent.—falls to below fourteen per cent. that any marked results are observed ; and, even then, until the percentage has fallen to something like ten, the manifest symptoms are rather like those one experiences after an extra whisky-and-soda—commonly a feeling of self-confidence and exaltation. Yet a match will not burn when the percentage of oxygen has fallen to seventeen ; and not unamusing to the lookers-on was the surprise of those volunteers in the closed cabinets employed in the experiments which I will describe later when they repeatedly failed to light their cigarettes whilst themselves feeling quite reasonably comfortable. It is a proved fact that, in the worst ventilated workshop or classroom, the oxygen is never lessened by more than about one per cent. of the normal. Such a diminution has, as Sir Leonard Hill has pointed out and proved, " not the slightest effect on our health or comfort." Some years ago, Sir Leonard, the physiologist who has taught us so much about the influence on the human body of air and sunlight, performed an experiment to show how small a part the chemical purity of the air plays in the causation of that faintness and discomfort which we associate with the occupancy of stuffy rooms. He placed eight volunteer students in a small, sealed chamber, and watched the results. " At the end of half an hour," he reports, " they had ceased laughing and joking, and their faces were congested. The carbon dioxide had gone up four or five per cent. Three electric fans were then turned on, which merely whirled the air about, just as it was. The effect was like magic ; the students at once felt perfectly comfortable, but immediately the fans were stopped they again felt as bad as before." In the course of a somewhat similar experiment a man was placed in a small sealed chamber so arranged that the occupant could, as soon as sensations of oppression began to overcome him, breathe through a tube connected with the outer air. This was found to give him no appreciable relief. A second person, standing in the open air, then, by means of a mask and tube, breathed only the air contained in the " exhausted " chamber that had been occupied by the first subject. He experienced no discomfort whatever ; showing that what immediately mattered was the humidity, temperature and movement of the air with which the skin was in contact, rather than the chemical purity of the air breathed.

The skin is the great organ of temperature regulation. It enables us in normal health to maintain an almost constant temperature of the blood in winter and summer, working and resting, waking and sleeping. This is effected by a varying of the amount of blood brought to the surface, where it gives up heat to the surrounding air. When the heat production of the body is exceptionally great, or the surrounding temperature above the normal, we supplement this cooling mechanism by another. The sweat glands become active, and the fluid which they pour out by its evaporation still further assists the cooling process. The air, however, only takes up moisture in so far as it is not already saturated. On a stagnant, " clammy " day, sweat is evaporated with difficulty, and if at the same time the surrounding temperature is high, we can lose little heat by radiation, conduction or evaporation. The air of an ill-ventilated room, especially if crowded with people, soon becomes both hot and loaded with moisture.

For health and comfort, we need at all times to be in contact with fairly cool, fairly dry, moving air. Warm, moist, stagnant air, no matter how chemically pure it may be, is never healthy. Houses are an invention of man, not a part of the natural environment of man, and, like many of the other advantages of civilisation, they have their dangers. Any system of ventilation that merely provides a chemically pure atmosphere and any system of heating that merely affords a comfortable temperature are the very reverse of scientific. The skin is in many ways our most important organ of contact with our environment ; and it is the stimuli received and transmitted by the nerves whose endings are on the surface of the body to which our tissues are in large measure attuned to respond. In the absence of stimuli, these tissues tend to fall into a state of inertia. Contact with the open air has some of the hygienic validity of a cold plunge or a cold sponge-down. It is not uniformity of temperature, or, indeed, of any other climatic condition, that we need ; but the maximum of variation which our powers of adaptation can meet.

I will end by quoting an illuminating passage from Sir Leonard Hill's *Science of Ventilation*, issued by the Medical Research Council in 1920.

> There is no question of the greater health of the countryman, and yet he is not the best stock, for the better class seeks advancement in the towns ; moreover, he receives the lowest wages and sustains himself and his family in insanitary cottages on the cheapest foodstuffs. . . . The city workers are occupied for long hours at monotonous work in shops, offices and factories, in close atmospheres, often artificially lit. . . . Their hours of recreation are devoted to the still warmer and windless atmosphere of the meeting-house, public house, music-hall or cinema ; they live in the confined atmosphere of the tube railway carriage and lifts, or trams. . . . The stillness of the air in confined spaces has a most potent influence on the cooling functions of the skin, on the cutaneous nerves, and so on the vigour, health and efficiency."

HARRY ROBERTS

REGUM ULTIMA RATIO

THE guns spell money's ultimate reason
In letters of lead on the spring hillside.
But the boy lying dead under the olive trees
Was too young and too silly
To have been notable to their important eye.
He was a better target for a kiss.

When he lived tall factory hooters never summoned him
Nor did restaurant plate glass doors revolve to wave him in
His name never appeared in the papers.
The world maintained its traditional wall
Round the dead with their gold sunk deep as a well
Whilst his life, intangible as rumour, drifted outside.

O too lightly he threw down his cap
One day when the breeze threw petals from the trees.
The unflowering wall sprouted with guns;
Machine gun anger quickly scythed the grasses;
Flags and leaves fell from hands and branches;
The tweed cap rotted in the nettles.

Consider his life which was valueless
In terms of employment, hotel ledgers, news files.
Consider: only one bullet in ten thousand kills a man.
Ask: was so much expenditure justified
On the death of one so young and so silly
Stretched under the olive trees, O world, O death?

STEPHEN SPENDER

CONSERVATISM IN THE ANIMAL WORLD

CHANGE is vital to progress, and the higher animals, from ourselves downwards, have attained to their present eminence largely as a result of adaptability. Both in man and beast, however, there is a trend, an inclination to be slaves of habit, and the lower one delves into the animal kingdom the more is this conservatism apparent. Insects, for example, are more completely conservative than the most notorious "diehard" of our own species. Unbiased and conscientious observation of the ant has made it no longer possible for any thoughtful person to regard that insect as a fount of wisdom or the embodiment of prudent forethought and calculated effort. Like all other insects, it is a machine wound up to travel within certain narrow limits. The ant community faced with any unusual situation instantly presents complete disorganisation. The ant displays no more initiative than a runaway motor car or a watch that has run down. Unconsciously the lower animals bear out Mr. A. P. Herbert's ideal of a conservative in *Tantivy Towers*:

> And what my father used to say
> Is good enough for me.

The molluscs, like the insects, are tied to narrow and undeviating rules of life. Snails, etc., are regarded as carefree wanderers, but actually their journeys are exceedingly circumscribed. Our commonest sea snail, the Limpet, travels to comparatively distant pastures every high tide, but invariably returns to the same anchorage. Marked specimens have been traced to the same roost, tide after tide, for ten years, their favourite spot being finally worn into an appreciable depression by the sharp edges of the shell.

Apart from the mass movements of locusts, migration is most noticeable amongst the vertebrates, and, without exception, it appears to be ruled by the most rigid laws. Appreciation of these laws plays an important part in controlling our national fisheries, and the known routes taken by certain fishes for ages past are carefully watched by the waiting fleets. It is difficult to account for many of these movements. Why, for instance, should the large tunny, in the course of their annual migrations from the South, swim through the Irish Channel and round the north of Scotland in order to reach their objective off the Yorkshire coast, and not travel by the much shorter Channel route?

The most famous of all piscine conservatives is the salmon, which returns from the sea to the river of its birth when it is fully developed. The late Frank Buckland has given an interesting account of the wonderful homing instinct of this fish. He wrote:

> A friend of mine who owns a well-known island on the west coast of Scotland, netted a certain pool in his fishing, and out of a number of fish caught, he carefully marked some twenty or thirty. He then put these fish on board his yacht, and keeping them alive, sailed right round his island, then up a creek to the mouth of a river. The salmon were transferred up the river, which although close to the water in which they were caught, was in no way connected with it, having a different water shed. It is as though the salmon had been carried from one heel of an enormous horseshoe round to the other heel and then taken right up into the middle of the horse shoe and let loose. During the same season that these marked fish were transferred, a number were caught in their own pool. On examining the map, I find that they must have come back again to their own river a circle of forty miles at least from the lake where they were turned out and they must have passed six or seven tributaries which they had not chosen although there was nothing to prevent their doing so.

Even more wonderful, if possible, is the case of the eel. Here we have a creature born off the Azores, travelling across the Atlantic and finally making its way to European rivers and mountain streams. Currents, or a search for food, may possibly explain how an eel from mid-Atlantic reaches a lake in the Swiss Alps, but the exact forces which finally bring the eel back to the place of its birth have yet to be discovered. True, the mother eels are urged forward by the reproductive instinct, but it would be grotesque to represent that they have tender memories of the spot they lived in in their infancy.

Quite as conservative are certain reptiles and amphibians. The little lizards known as geckos offer an interesting example. These reptiles swarm in many Indian bungalows where they scour the walls, ceilings, and indeed every part of the premises in search of the insects on which they feed. But though several species of gecko may share the same human dwelling, they do not intermingle except when hunting for insects at night. One species may favour the veranda, another a rafter and a third the compound, each kind keeping strictly to its own territory with all the tenacity of a Caledonian clan in feudal times.

In this matter of conservatism, the common frog and toad are diametrically opposed. When, in the spring, the frog is inspired to reproduce its kind, it dumps its egg masses in the first water available with a carefree abandon not always in the best interests of its progeny. The toad, on the other hand, once having found a likely pond for the propagation of its species, keeps to the same pond throughout its life. Since the toad is given to long journeys by night in search of food, the recurring breeding seasons often find it miles away from the ancestral pool. The toad, however, quite undaunted, heads back to the pond of its preference and may take several nights to complete its pilgrimage. On its journey it may pass ponds which, to our way of thinking, would appear entirely suitable. The writer once put this conservatism of the toad to a severe test. He carried some scores of toads in a closed sack half a mile away from a pond in which they had been gathered during the mating season and only a short distance from several ponds in which frogs spawned, but to which toads never resorted. On being liberated, the toads, after only a little hesitation, or after a few hops in the opposite direction, took the right orientation and headed, without exception, back to the late nursery. Single specimens, pairs and groups of individuals were experimented on, and all with the same results.

The equally wonderful sense of orientation shown by birds has, of course, been the subject for wide and careful study since early times, and recent observations have been greatly facilitated by the process of ringing. Some remarkable facts were elucidated not long ago regarding the common stork. It was found that storks hatched in East Prussia and liberated in West Prussia when still fledgings did not, like their West Prussian brothers, take the quicker route to their winter

quarters in South Africa, namely, via Spain and West Africa, but held to the track preferred by their forbears, the East Prussian storks—via the Balkans and Egypt. A converse experiment showed birds of West Prussian origin, but liberated in East Prussia, to be equally conservative in the conception of how a stork should migrate.

Quite as conservative are many birds as regards the choice of a nesting site. At Whipsnade, robins have used the same petrol tin as a home three years running, though many more desirable residences were offered them by the authorities. The record example of avian conservatism is perhaps that of two ospreys that nested on the same site in the north of Scotland for more than twelve years in succession. Branches and offal accumulated in alternate layers until a structure twenty feet high resulted and this was only finally abandoned when demolished by an exceptionally severe gale.

E. G. BOULENGER

PLAYS AND PICTURES

Constable, at the Tate Gallery

More or less isolated by a bus strike, and still largely occupied by the stone dust and scaffolding of the builders, the Tate Gallery has opened to celebrate the centenary of John Constable. The Constable show occupies four rooms in the arena where Turner usually reigns. Two rooms are devoted to the larger oil paintings (including 12 very big ones), one to drawings and water colours; the last is chiefly important for its display of small oil sketches, a great many of which have come from the Victoria and Albert Museum. (These are framed, two or three at a time in water colour mounts of an odious green.) "Constable," the catalogue quotes Delacroix, "is one of the glories of England." It is hard to imagine another country where glory could be more modestly presented. In the main room it is interesting to see the two *Haywains* and the two *Leaping Horses* side by side, while the unhackneyed *East Bergholt Mill* and *View on the Stour* are astonishingly beautiful. But the exhibition also contains more than one glorious failure. *The Embarkation of George IV as Regent from Whitehall* is one of these, while the *Chain Pier Brighton* is hardly more successful. A large part of Constable's fascination lies in the fact that failure, particularly in his larger pictures, always seems imminent. Till he had settled £20,000 on his wife he always felt a little guilty when standing in front of a six-foot canvas. He always worked with more facility and assurance on a smaller scale. The study here for the National Gallery, *Cornfield*, is a gem, a lovely example of Constable working within the limits that suited him best, while the unfinished *Salisbury* (14) is a miracle of inspired wispiness. Whatever ponderousness there may be among his huge machines is set off by lovely minor works—Dedham Vale or Dedham Mill, or Helmingham Park—there are too many to describe in detail. The exhibition diffuses an atmosphere of gentleness and goodness. Did not Wilkie paint Constable twice as a benevolent physician? Everything is kind enough—but it usually lacks something of the force and acidity that one expects in a major artist. The feeling in these days that Constable is our greatest painter is a good indication of the standing of English achievements in painting. One can hardly imagine Cowper being chosen as our chief poet, and, except now and again (as in *Hadleigh Castle*), Constable is nearer to Cowper than to Wordsworth.

Thurber, at the Storran Gallery

"I thought you'd enjoy Miss Perrish, darling—she has a constant ringing in *her* ears, too." This sentence is attached to one of the drawings now on view at the Storran Gallery. To anyone who has ever seen a Thurber drawing it will evoke immediately the vision of an aquatic world in which men and women, made of blubber, pad their way amorphously. How smooth the contours, how sharp, how appallingly lucid the situation! From a distance each picture has a rudimentary and almost idiotically happy look, but as you approach nearer the complacency explodes. Behind each cod-like eye or froggy grin you are aware of hatreds, misunderstandings, fantastic suspicion. A man looking at a woman for the millionth time suddenly grasps the enormity of living and gives a yell. "I say it's a damnable illusion and I want it stopped!"—the drawing shows a bread-winner starting up furiously and pointing at his wife who floats a yard above her chair; the effect of the levitation is Strindbergian. Another drawing, No. 6, might indeed be a light illustration of *The Spook Sonata*. The husband, introducing his second wife to a friend, adds, "That's my first wife up there"; and the first Mrs. Harris is seen crouching on the top of the bookcase. In the struggles of married life (Thurber's inevitable subject) it is nearly always the woman, by virtue of a ghastly innocence, who wins; the more intense the struggle, the funnier the picture. And how immediately funny many of these pictures are! You laugh at once, then stare in fascination for several minutes. At the Storran Gallery there are thirty-nine drawings, each as blithe as a daisy.

"Sarah Simple," at the Garrick

The capable Mr. A. A. Milne has done a thorough job on Sarah. The play is likely to run for a long time and then join the repertory of unenterprising amateur dramatic societies. It is a *mothering* comedy, and a fine example of the well-made play. The hero is a big pedantic silly but very lovable. His wife left him when she was even younger, but she returns after establishing a prosperous hat shop in America and gets him out of the habit of kissing a canon's widow. Her technique of reform is to offer him his freedom by making him his own moustachioed co-respondent. Everything came out happily in the end as the lady behind me prophesied. The fun was a weeny bit naughty and the dialogue had the brazen artificiality of Wilde and some of the polish. A. R. Whatmore won all maternal hearts as the man who hadn't grown up. Agnes Laughlan was good as the canon's widow. Her social movements were beautiful to watch. Leonora Corbett looked and sounded very attractive as Sarah. Charles, the waiter who didn't hold with life and preferred detective stories, was brilliantly acted. And the hero's nephew and niece proved the thesis that when we were rather adolescent we were distinctly disgusting. The connoisseur of comic acting should certainly visit the Garrick.

"Farewell Again," at the Plaza

From what one hears of the conditions on board troopships, one would suppose that a troopship film must have about as much propaganda value for the British army as a film of the distressed areas would have for the capitalist system as a whole. It says a lot, then, for the skill with which this film has been made that so far from rousing nausea in the audience it was received with spontaneous applause. The method is quite simple—a cross-section of the regiment and its womenfolk shows that they are all human or something like—that the Colonel's a fine fellow, the sergeant-majors are funny—a bullying sort of manner doesn't matter, and the men are funnier still. A discontented man is simply a chap who hadn't had his Enos. But the Colonel's lady and Judy O'Grady are carefully shown to be more than superficially different. "Lousy but Loyal," that is a fine sentiment for Coronation week, and *Farewell Again* deserves its place amongst the most efficient anaesthetics that have ever been sent out to make the affected forget that every effect has its cause. By entertainment standards this is not a dull film or a bad one. It is good enough to reach an enormous public. But whether it would be good enough to console anyone who, after four years in India and five hours of Southampton, had actually been sent straight off to do "police duty" in the Near East, is very much less certain. The cruel shortness of the call in England is caused by an emergency. But when such occasions occur, as they do, in reality, they are due to the War Office's lack of imagination or the parsimony of the Treasury.

THE COMING WEEK

SATURDAY, May 15th—
"A Ship Comes Home," St. Martin's.

SUNDAY, May 16th—
"Daughter of Ind," Arts.

WEDNESDAY, May 19th—
"Don Giovanni." Opening of Mozart Festival, Glyndebourne.
"Tobacco Row," Gate.
"The Constant Wife," Globe.
Concert for Spanish Medical Aid: Irene Scharrer, Orrea Pernel and Eve Maxwell-Lyte. Kensington Town Hall. 8.30.

THURSDAY, May 20th—
"Paganini," Lyceum.

FRIDAY, May 21st—
"Die Zauberflöte," Mozart Festival, Glyndebourne.

Current Literature

BOOKS IN GENERAL

MR. EZRA POUND'S influence on Mr. T. S. Eliot is admitted, and might be compared with Bowles's influence on Coleridge. But in fact Mr. Pound's verse has also had intrinsic merits: not only has it a new tune, but the tune can be delicate and good. When, therefore, I read five or six years ago an essay by him called *How to Read*, I supposed that it might be a very elaborate practical joke. He has now reprinted this essay, together with others, in a book entitled *Polite Essays* (Faber, 7*s*. 6*d*.), and his publishers go so far as to say that Mr. Pound enjoys the reputation "among the discerning of having been the most fructifying influence upon literary criticism of his time." Evidently we are meant to take *How to Read* seriously. This is no easy task.

The essay begins with a fragment of autobiography. Mr. Pound, it appears, wished to edit a twelve-volume anthology

> in which each poem was chosen not merely because it was a nice poem or a poem Aunt Hepsy liked, but because it contained an invention, a definite contribution to the art of verbal expression. With this in mind, I approached a respected agent. He was courteous, he was even openly amazed at the list of three hundred items which I offered as an indication of outline. No autochthonous Briton had ever, to his professed belief, displayed familiarity with so vast a range, but he was too indolent to recast my introductory letter into a form suited to commerce.

The project was turned down, according to Mr. Pound, because it would have effected a change in public taste and reduced the financial value of *The Golden Treasury*. "I sought the banks of the Seine. Against ignorance one might struggle, and even against organic stupidity, but against a so vast vested interest the lone odds were too heavy." Mr. Pound's essay is a short guide compiled on a similar scheme to this defeated project.

> The books that a man needs to know in order to "get his bearings," in order to have a sound judgment of any bit of writing that may come before him, are very few. . . . Limiting ourselves to the authors who actually invented something, or who are the "first known examples" of the process in working order, we find. . . .

The list must be compressed, and shorn of its comments. Homer, Sappho, Catullus, Ovid, Propertius, the Anglo-Saxon *Seafarer* "and some cursory notice of some medieval narrative." And "then, in contrast the troubadours," Guido Cavalcanti and Dante; Villon; Voltaire, "that is to say, some incursion into his critical writings, not into his attempts at fiction and drama"; Stendhal "(at least a book and a half)"; Flaubert "(omitting *Salammbô* and the *Tentation*)" and the Goncourts; Gautier; Corbière; Laforgue; Rimbaud. Add Confucius "in full." Had Mr. Pound given us this list as the names of the writers by whom he had himself been most influenced, we might (if we happened for other reasons to take any interest in him) have thought it pertinent. But this is put forward as a list of the great "inventors" and as a "minimum basis for a sound and liberal education in letters." The more one examines it, the more extraordinary it appears. Mr. Pound has a good word for the Elizabethan translators and for the translations of Swinburne, Rossetti, and Fitzgerald. ("Our contact," he writes, "with Oriental poetry begins with Fitzgerald's Rubáiyát"—and yet one would have guessed from Mr. Pound's Christian name that he had been brought up on the Old Testament.) Browning is the only English author, it seems, who has no French or European parallel. Also "he is a better poet than Landor, who was perhaps the only complete and serious man of letters ever born in these islands." (Mr. Pound, I fancy, was born in the United States.) Shakespeare is omitted:

> I doubt if anyone has acquired discrimination in studying "The Elizabethans." You have grace, richness of language, abundance, but you have probably nothing that isn't replaceable by something else, no ornament that would not have done just as well in some other connection, or for which some other figure of rhetoric couldn't have served, or which couldn't have been distilled from literary antecedents.

So let us pass over any insular or provincial admiration we may feel for the originality of Shakespeare, Milton, Browne, Dryden (he was the chief inventor of English prose as a medium for clear thought, so Mr. Pound comprehensibly dismisses him as a "lunk-head"), Defoe, Sterne, and Wordsworth. Let us look beyond our narrow shores. Aeschylus might be considered an inventor, but Mr. Pound dismisses him as rhetorical. Thucydides? A journalist. Tacitus is not mentioned.

> Before Stendhal there is probably nothing in prose that does not also exist in verse or that can't be done by verse just as well as by prose. Even the method of annihilating imbecility employed by Voltaire, Bayle, and Lorenzo Valla can be managed quite as well in rhymed couplets.

One wonders why Mr. Pound bothers to include Voltaire in his list, especially as he excludes his novels. And though Racine and La Fontaine owed a debt to Greek writers, they seem to me rather original. Is not Balzac a more "inventive" writer than Stendhal? And one looks vainly for the names of Hugo and Baudelaire. But the inclusions in this list are even more surprising than the exclusions. Gautier and Laforgue and Tristan Corbière, for instance, were intelligent minor poets, whose influence, except perhaps on Mr. Pound, has not been very important. But with Mr. Pound's remark about Laforgue one can wholeheartedly agree. "Laforgue is not like any preceding poet. He is not ubiquitously like Propertius." Indeed he is not, and this is a remark which gains in richness the more one considers it.

I know of no critic with greater pretensions to learning than Mr. Pound. But, surprisingly, his remarks sometimes seem to show a certain insensitiveness to all languages. *Un Coeur Simple* he calls *Coeur Simple*, *Trois Contes* he calls *Les Trois Contes*, he speaks of "les mouvements de coeur" when he seems to mean "les mouvements du coeur," and the accents in his French are little more conventional than they are in his Greek. Where he means *minutiae*, he writes *minutia*, apparently under the impression that this is a neuter plural. And I commend the following passage to your attention:

> It is not quite enough to have the general idea that the Chinese (more particularly Rihaku and Omakitsu) attained the known maximum of *phanopoeia*, due perhaps to the nature of their written ideograph, or to wonder whether Rimbaud is, at rare moments, their equal. One wants one's knowledge on more definite terms.

At this point the neophyte obediently following the Pound Way to Culture is likely, I fear, to find himself in difficulties. For he will not discover Rihaku and Omakitsu in the standard works, either English or French, upon Chinese poetry. To anyone even vaguely familiar with translations from the Chinese it will indeed be obvious that these polysyllabic names are not Chinese but Japanese. And if you have the energy to pursue the matter, you will at last discover that Rihaku is the name given in Japan to the famous Li Po, and that Omakitsu conceals the person of the poet-painter Wang Wei. One wonders what motives Mr. Pound can possibly have for setting such elaborate obstacles in the way of his disciples.

Mr. Pound is no less singular in his opinions about painting and music. He includes Ambrogio da Predis, of all men, among the six painters he mentions as "axes of reference," and, in another essay, writes:

> To hear Toscanini give Falstaff or Fidelio is part however of education. To hear any other man conduct these operas would probably be intolerable. They are both highly unsatisfactory to anyone with aural discretion of an high order. . . . The beastly Beethoven contributed. . . .

But is it necessary to quote further the musical opinions of a man so aurally discreet that he can call Beethoven "beastly"? Mr. Pound's *How to Read*, he tells us, "is the result of twenty-seven years' thought on the subject and a résumé of conclusions. That may be a reason for giving it some consideration." I have given it some consideration, not because it resumes twenty-seven years of Mr. Pound's thought, but because it may come into the hands of young persons with

no college tutor to guide them, and rightly ambitious, none the less, of cultivating their literary taste. Mr. Pound has explained in characteristic grammar one of the disadvantages under which he has laboured:

> Clamantis deserto, I find it very difficult to find an opponent. This I state without any vanity. It may be due to defects of style. Only from concurrents do I receive any real correction. Butchart, Angold, Jeffrey Mark, McNair Wilson help me to correct my deflections.

Being neither Butchart, Angold, Jeffrey Mark nor McNair Wilson, I have not expressed my own opinion of Mr. Pound, preferring to give quotations from which readers can judge for themselves. He complains of the ignorance in the British "serious press"—"Already in my young and ignorant years they considered me 'learned.'" I sympathise profoundly with Mr. Pound in this complaint, and I earnestly hope that he will not much longer have to suffer from being treated with a deference which he does not deserve.

RAYMOND MORTIMER

INDUSTRIAL WALES

The Second Industrial Survey of South Wales. Vols. II and III. *University of Wales Press.* 10s. 6d. each.

None of the depressed areas in Great Britain has gained the sympathy of the public more than South Wales and none has been more thoroughly explored with the object of planning a recovery. First came a survey for the Board of Trade in 1931, then a report by Lord Portal as Special Investigator for the Government in 1934, and now a fresh survey carried out for the Industrial Development Council of Wales and Monmouthshire by Professor H. A. Marquand and his staff. This last is undoubtedly the most valuable contribution yet made to the subject and, although it does not profess to be academic but essentially practical in character, the reader feels at once that the analysis and presentation of the material have been directed by an expert economist who does not hesitate to point out what can be said against as well as what can be said for any proposal that he advocates. The conclusions are therefore accepted with all the greater confidence.

As the title indicates, the present survey is primarily industrial and its limitations are strictly defined in the terms of reference by which the authors felt themselves bound. Broadly, they set out to examine the present state and probable future of employment in the various industries of South Wales and the special advantages which the region offers to new industries; and, in the light of this examination, to determine what industries might be most profitably introduced and where they should be situated. The plan of the publication is clear and well designed and it should prove extraordinarily valuable as a work of reference, not only to those directly concerned in the future of South Wales, but to all students of the economic and social problems which arise in such an area.

The present review is confined to the last two volumes of the Survey. Volume II begins with a description of the mineral resources of the region contributed by an expert geologist. Then comes an interesting discussion of transport, public utilities and labour supplies, followed by a digression on Trading Estates and the Special Areas Reconstruction Association. But the greater part of the volume consists of a detailed account of sites for new industries and other facilities—electricity, gas, water, drainage, rates, education—available in each local government area. In the third volume a careful estimate is made of labour supply and demand in every valley of the coalfields, and the results are considered in relation to the available facilities and the economic position previously discussed. A foundation is thus laid for the conclusions reached in regard to the future, and suggestions are made as to where new development could be encouraged with reasonable hope of success.

South Wales, like other depressed areas, has enjoyed a measure of recovery from its worst period. At the same time the process of migration has been continuously draining away unemployed workers to more prosperous parts of the country. It is estimated that the total loss of population between April, 1931, and June, 1935, exceeded 70,000; yet the surplus of insured adult males remaining was said to be at least 80,000, seven out of every eight of them attached to the coal-mining industry. Supposing that surplus bodily removed from South Wales, there would still be an ample supply of workers to cater for the needs of all industries while leaving a margin of about 12 per cent. of the total labour supply wholly unemployed. It is not surprising that the authors are led to infer that the continued transfer of labour to other areas is a necessity. But in this conclusion there is at least an element of doubt; for it must be remembered that the migration which is taking place is highly selective in character, and, if the recovery of South Wales were the sole consideration, the wrong men are moving away. The chance of re-employment for a man over 50, if he has been without work for any length of time, is negligible so long as he remains where he is. Hence, a transference scheme which succeeded in finding work elsewhere for these older men would have much to recommend it. In point of fact, however, that is the age group least likely to migrate. During the two years from May, 1934, to May, 1936, we are told that the number of wholly unemployed men between 35 and 65 rose by approximately 4,000, while the number between 18 and 35 fell by approximately 7,500. And this selective process is deliberately encouraged by official policy which restricts training for new industries for the most part to men under 35. It is clear, therefore, that the transfer principle alone can never save an area like South Wales; on the contrary, if nothing else be done for it, it must tend to become humanly and industrially more and more derelict.

This raises another important question. The export of its best men has now become the most important of all exports from South Wales. When countries traffic in goods, exports of one kind are paid for by imports of another. It is suggested, accordingly, that some return might in justice be made to South Wales for these costly human exports. Taking into account the transfer of juveniles alone, an average of about £54 is reckoned to have been spent on the elementary education of each young worker during his nine years at school out of local rates; the authors estimate accordingly that, if 5,000 juveniles are transferred in a year, a subsidy of approximately £270,000 is given by the local ratepayers of South Wales to other districts. Whole families of comparatively young people, on account of the depression, have gone as voluntary exiles from their native country, which thus loses all the benefit of future dividends in production which may reasonably have been anticipated when capital was spent upon their training and maintenance. Looking at the matter from this angle, it is surely wise to seek other ways of assisting South Wales whereby her recovery may be hastened and not retarded. No doubt will remain in the mind of anyone who reads Professor Marquand's scholarly analysis as to the urgency of making fresh experiments to attract new industries into the area. In these volumes a large number of thoroughly practical suggestions, directed to that end, have been put forward and they deserve the serious consideration of the authorities and of any industrialists who are tempted to build factories near London without giving full thought to the attractions of other places.

D. CARADOG JONES

INDIA—THE OLD AND THE NEW

The Legacy of India. Edited by G. T. GARRATT. *Oxford.* 10s.
Peasant and Prince. By GLORNEY BOLTON *Routledge.* 12s. 6d.
India, To-day and To-morrow. By MARGARITA BARNS. *Allen and Unwin.* 7s. 6d.
Indian Peepshow. By HENRY NEWMAN. *Bell.* 7s. 6d.
Thirty Days of India. By COMMANDER KING-HALL. *Jenkins.* 5s.

It happened that on the day when I finished the last of these books on India I went into the Print Room of the British Museum, and saw there a little coloured print which seemed to symbolise the essence of the problem presented in them. It hung in a small group of Indian paintings. A product of the Mughal school, it was entitled "The Gadarene Swine, and Christ teaching." It was really an overpainted print of European origin—some German engraver's work, perhaps—but it had strayed to the East, and so brilliantly had the anonymous artist imposed on it not only the colours, but also the stamp and idiom of his native craft, that he had transformed it into something completely new and Oriental in tone. That has been the problem facing the post-war reformers of Indian affairs—taking Mr. J. A. Spender's date, we might say ever since E. S. Montague in 1917 declared that "the

policy of His Majesty's Government is . . . the gradual development of self-governing institutions with a view to the progressive realisation of responsible government in India as an integral part of the British Empire." It has been the problem of how to transform the structure of an Occidental administration so as to produce something national, something Indian in spirit, which would justify the transformation by remaining, in the administrative sphere, a work of art worth contemplating.

In these books we come at the problem from very different angles. Mrs. Barns, as a friend and assistant of Gandhi, states it with evident sympathy for the Indian view; but coolly, moderately, not following the Congressmen to the farthest swing of the pendulum, but stating the case of the compromising centre. During Gandhi's English visit she reported all his speeches, and she and her husband have gained considerable experience of India by their attempt to establish an adequate bureau for conveying impartial information to the Indian press. She gives an account of the Round Table Conferences in which, though she has not reproduced the tension and the interplay of personalities as Frank Pakenham, in *Peace by Ordeal*, reproduced the drama of the Irish Treaty negotiations, she does enable the reader to comprehend the main issues involved. Mr. Newman is also a journalist, who succeeded Kipling at the *Civil and Military Gazette* at Lahore. Stimulated by Kipling's writings, he has wandered among the lower strata of Indian society, collecting bazaar gossip and legends, and meeting the remote villagers by camping among them and winning their confidence. It is an older, more superstitious, more intractable India which speaks in his book, not the enlightened modern voice of Mrs. Barns's friends; of Sir Tej Bahadur Sapru and Jawarharlal Nehru, the product of the Indian Bar or an English public school and University. Nothing less than a revolution in outlook and education will be needed before India can fruitfully achieve "the progressive realisation of responsible government," and Mr. Newman's book is good evidence for the vast change which has yet to be wrought in the great inert mass of the common people; a change which will not be effected until the Indian States have for many years been brought within the same administrative system as the British Provinces, until popular education has spread very much farther, and until a hundred movements like Gandhi's campaign on behalf of the Untouchables have been set in motion.

The problem of how to make a Moghul painting out of an English print, of how to build up a new democratic society in India, self-governing and responsible, is not much elucidated by books like *Thirty Days in India*. In this breezy little book Commander King-Hall describes how he went out to Delhi as an emissary of Chatham House to attend a conference at Delhi preparatory to the establishment of an Indian Institute of International Affairs. During his brief visit he ranged up and down the country, and here he reproduces his impressions. It is a pity that he decided to write a chatty "readable" booklet, for his general reflections on the Indian situation, the New Constitution, and the probable developments suggest that he could have written something more authoritative and more valuable. One expects rather more from a representative of Chatham House. And Glorney Bolton's *Peasant and Prince* suffers from much the same fault. This is an excellent book ruined by what looks like an excessive study of Emil Ludwig. It contains a considerable quantity of useful information and opinions about Indian politics and social conditions, but too many chapters begin like the 7th: "A few people who stood waiting for the arrival of the Boulogne-Folkestone train at Victoria Station late in July, 1936, saw a slightly built and turbaned Indian alighting from a first-class carriage. . . ." Were it not for such stylistic aberrations the book could have been wholeheartedly praised; it analyses the aims and the weaknesses of the different Viceroys, praising Irwin and attacking Reading (in a rather histrionic manner); it gives a valuable account of the Indian leaders, Nationalist and Moderate; it has some wise things to say about such phenomena as the "poor whites" and the Anglo-Indian families; and, better written, it could have been described as a first-rate handbook for the student of Indian affairs.

The Legacy of India paints in the background from which the problem varyingly faced in the other books has developed. It has all the sanity, the balance, the breadth of its predecessors in the series. With respect to the problem of the future of India, it is very interesting to contrast the Marquess of Zetland's optimistic introduction with the strong pessimism of the editor, Mr. Garratt's, concluding chapter on Indo-British civilisation. Mr. Garratt summarises the results of the impact on an indigenous culture of the British administration. He finds that the attitude of the Englishman in India, of which Macaulay's classic Minute on Education is at once the type and the melancholy condemnation, has proved remarkably sterile in its results. The Spartan among his helots, the Brahmin among sweepers, might stand as an analogy for the public-school-official class in India. This is, of course, only half the story. It is notorious that the Indian Civil Service has produced a large number of magnificently capable and sympathetic administrators. But, viewing the results of their regime against the record of achievements religious, artistic, and philosophic contained in this volume, and letting the mammoth white elephant of New Delhi stand as symbolic of a certain aspect of the British rule, one wonders whether Mr. Garratt's pessimism is not justified.

RONALD LEWIN

CHARLES DICKENS

Charles Dickens: The Progress of a Radical. By T. A. JACKSON. *Lawrence and Wishart.* 6s.

As is well known to the wise in their generation, traffic in Shares is the one thing to have to do with in this world. Have no antecedents, no established character, no cultivation, no ideas, no manners; have Shares.

To this exhortation of Dickens's—which Mr. Jackson might have used as an epigraph—it is becoming high time to add another, for the advantage of authors. Have no style, no judgment, no sensibility, no common sense, no regard for facts and (while you are about it) no grammar: have a coloured shirt. Red or black, according to your taste and convenience.

Mr. Jackson's is red; and his book is (or should be) a warning.

The point he attempts to make is that Dickens, by the end of his career, had got within a hair's breadth of Communism.

The element of truth in this needed no discovery. Dickens was always recognised as something more than an opponent of "incidental abuses." Macaulay noted his "sullen Socialism"; Ruskin applauded it; Forster deplored the acerbity of the later books. No one, in fact, could help realising that he had become

Dear Sirs,

"I wish to express my appreciation of Mr. Kingsley Martin's *The Magic of Monarchy*. I purchased it a few days ago, and consider it to be one of the very few original and noteworthy books on the subject of monarchy. I am glad you had the courage to publish it. Accept my very good wishes. I can assure you that *The Magic of Monarchy* is giving me some interesting hours. With every sincere wish for the success of your books, I am, etc. . . ."

This personal letter from a reader in Scotland crowns the many favourable opinions of professional critics. There is probably no more informative and lively Coronation summary on the market. *The Magic of Monarchy*, 2nd printing, costs only 2/6 net. The author, Kingsley Martin, is editor of the *New Statesman*.

NELSON
35 PATERNOSTER ROW, LONDON, E.C.4

disgusted with the whole social order, and increasingly impatient for very drastic changes indeed.

Still, the Marxist implications of his development might have filled an essay. Mr. Jackson contrives, with great difficulty and, I should think, almost a record amount of padding, to fill a book. And his statements are of this kind:

"Superficially, Dickens might seem to belong to the school of bourgeois Socialists scathingly described by Marx and Engels in the *Communist Manifesto* . . .' philanthropists, humanitarians, improvers of the condition of the working class, hole-and-corner reformers of every imaginable kind.' Actually, anyone really familiar with Dickens knows that he hated the whole brood just as Marx and Engels did." Because? . . . Because he disapproved of Stiggins, Chadband and Mrs. Jellyby.

In early life he imagined that "the whole social question would be solved if only every employer of every degree modelled himself upon the Cheeryble-Pickwick-Garland example. This optimism meets with a severe shock in *Martin Chuzzlewit*. The ingrained hypocrisy of Pecksniff, whose heartless self-seeking and crafty greed is habitually hidden under a cloak of universal benevolence, seems to mark the collapse of Dickens's faith in the Cheeryble ideal."

In *American Notes* Dickens registered a strong objection to dirt, bad manners, and "the more repulsive phenomena of tobacco-chewing"; which makes him look like "a Tory snob." But "it seems fair to surmise" that "from mistaken chivalry he adopted Mrs. D.'s petulant fault-finding attitude as expressing his own feelings." He separated from "Mrs. D." in the end because she was not a Radical.

The assertion that Dickens drew character "in the flat" is mere nonsense, given "the lie direct" by—almost any Dickens character you happen to think of. At the same time, he did draw his characters in the flat, because he saw them in the flat, because they all *are* flat—in the present state of society.

Hard Times is "remarkable in that it contains the one (almost the only) outstanding instance of faulty observation in all Dickens"—needless to say, the account of the trade union. (Mr. Jackson's critical faculty and his command of English are here neatly exhibited at one stroke.)

Was Dickens really a Christian? He said so, but he must surely have been humbugging—to evade the penalties. Or, again, as after all he was not absolutely a Marxist, perhaps he *may* have had the "weakness and inconsistency" to retain Christian sentiments. "Marx's contention that it is not possible wholly to break away from supernaturalism and superstition without breaking finally away from the standpoint of bourgeois society was never better exemplified."

And so on, and so on. This book is really work for the schoolmaster, not for the reviewer. It will probably convert most people to the view that Dickens was a money-worshipper in grain, and a thorough snob.

And it is certainly unlucky (for Mr. Jackson) that he should have wound up his career with *Our Mutual Friend*. The Cheerybles have nothing on the Boffins as dispensers of charity. These new models, it is true, are ex-working people; but they have celebrated prosperity by dropping their old acquaintances, to live like (and, as nearly as they can manage, with) lords. And there is no end to Dickens's adulation of the good Boffins. Vast wealth is all right in *their* possession, for they can be relied on to give deserving objects a square meal in the servants' hall. As for the Eugene-Lizzie romance, it is *Pamela* over again: the beautiful and virtuous working girl, after trials and temptations, is rewarded by marriage with a real gentleman. Eugene is a first-class bounder, incidentally, but he had glamour for Dickens. He is also a briefless barrister and a ne'er-do-well, but going to reform; henceforth, by close attention to "that elaborate imposture which is The Law," he will show himself worthy of the heroic Lizzie.

Not a very good performance for a near-Marxist.

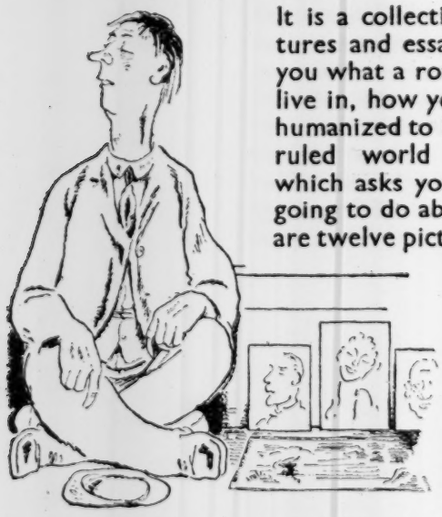
K. JOHN

If you haven't heard

ERIC GILL, if you don't know his line of business, you'll find it in

WORK AND PROPERTY

his new book [published by Dent at 7s. 6d. net]



[Fragment from a Tegetmeier drawing in the book]

It is a collection of his lectures and essays which tells you what a rotten place you live in, how you've been dehumanized to keep a money-ruled world going — and which asks you what you're going to do about it. There are twelve pictures by **Denis Tegetmeier.** They are a commentary on the text, an alleviation of its anger, and they will make you laugh

A NAZI APOLOGIST

I Speak of Germany. By NORMAN HILLSON. *Routledge.* 10*s.* 6*d.*

This habit of using the first person singular in titles is becoming rather tiresome; but at least we know who Mr. Duranty is, and we know that anything he is "pleased to write" will be worth reading. One is rather less disposed to submit to a pompous "I speak" when it comes from somebody who has done nothing in the past to excite our curiosity.

Now that we have read Mr. Hillson's discourse we think as little of him as we thought before. Here are 300 pages of the old claptrap of how Hitler resurrected Germany after "14 years of shame," of how he saved her from Bolshevism, and of how he made her a happy, self-respecting, clean, moral, powerful, and peace-loving nation.

> It may fairly be said that the Nazi regime, in preserving Germany from the Red Menace, saved Germany for Christendom.

The sub-title of the book is "A Plea for Anglo-German Friendship." It is the fundamental maxim of Hitler's foreign policy that Germany will be hampered in her military ambitions so long as France and England are united. Mr. Hillson has, however, taken upon himself the unenviable task of showing that this German desire to drive a wedge between France and England is solely due to her love of peace! He protests against the present policy of "friendship with France at the expense of Germany"; does he want a policy of friendship with Germany at the expense of France? So it would seem; for he considers the present concern for "French security" as the fundamental error of British policy; it is, to his mind, in contradiction with "British security"; and he sees British security in friendship with Germany. At the same time he declares that the Germans, "that unified people, are looking for peace and see in friendship with Britain a basis for peace, *not only for themselves, but for everyone else* (!)." Why? For if Germany loves peace as much as Mr. Hillson tells us she does, what does it matter to her whether France's security is guaranteed by Britain? Why should a breach between Britain and France strengthen still more Germany's great love of peace? Like much present-day propaganda, Mr. Hillson's book is based not on logic, but on sentiment; he is at much pains to show that the Germans, "racially so like us," are lovable and preferable to most other European nations; even the Dutch, to him, are "a people with a dreary outlook." And in his comparisons between Germany and England, it is usually Germany to whom his preferences go.

He frankly likes the Nazis, whose mentality, he says, is one of immense common sense; though he admits "occasional lapses."

He does not mention the Reichstag fire; he thinks that "nobody interferes with Jews" so long as they "remember their duty to their own country"; (though he admits that "the pornography of the *Stürmer*"—why not the *Stürmer* itself?—"is nauseating"); as for the 30th of June, he admits that "at first it seemed horrible. . . . But when the first shudder had gone, came the thought of the destiny of mankind. . . . My mind traversed distances of history." As for Nazi persecutions, they are mentioned only once:

> In the arcades of the Linden one encountered here and there a furtive beggar who waited on obvious foreigners to regale them with stories of Nazi persecution (somehow a profitable source of income to down-and-outs) in exchange for a mark or two.

In the circumstances, the unconscious humour of Mr. Hillson's record of how he inspected medieval instruments of torture at Nuremberg is all the more priceless:

> I said to the guide that I would like to see this strange assembly of instruments devised by less-civilised generations (!) for the sufferings of fellow-men. Especially was I curious to look at the "Iron Virgin of Nuremberg." He looked surprised and then alarmed. . . . Of course, the horrible thing existed, but he believed it was no longer available for public view. Historians had proved beyond doubt that it had never been put to its intended purpose. The German people had never been quite so cruel. . . . He was convinced that the instruments had been hidden away somewhere, for the authorities did not wish visitors to obtain a false impression of the true character of Germans in the past.

The episode strikes one as rather symbolic.

Although Mr. Hillson has great faith in the pacifism of Nazi Germany, he nevertheless holds that, to be on the safe side, Germany should be given the German-speaking parts of Czechoslovakia, Upper Silesia, the Danzig Corridor, and Colonies; and he repeats that England should make friends with Germany: "If [in the War] the British Empire had been on the side of Germany, the sequel would have been very different." A deep thought.

All things considered, Mr. Hillson does not perhaps know Germany as well as he claims to know it; his German, at any rate, is invariably wrong. He even manages to make three mistakes in one word, when he calls a *Muttererholungsheim* (a post-natal clinic) a "Mutererholingshein." ALEXANDER WERTH

NAPOLEON

Bonaparte. By EUGENE TARLÉ. Translated from the Russian by JOHN COURNOS. *Secker and Warburg.* 18*s.*

Excessive enthusiasm of the publisher, let loose upon the jacket of a book, has its dangers. For instance, the book may be quite a good book, but the reader who is told to expect a masterpiece necessarily finds that disappointment dominates his other impressions. A man of six foot six will seem to you remarkably tall, but if the showman has induced you to pay sixpence to see him on the statement that he is a 13-foot giant, your admiration and astonishment will probably be swamped by disappointment and irritation. M. Tarlé's book is quite a good one, but it is as well that the prospective reader should be warned that it is six foot six inside and 13 foot on the jacket. It is a sensible, straightforward, readable biography of Napoleon, and anyone who has a considerable knowledge of biographies in general and of Napoleonic biographies in particular will realise at once that to say this is to put M. Tarlé into the class of six-foot-sixers. But I have failed to discover in it "a mass of new and illuminating Napoleonic material" which Professor Tarlé "here presents for the first time," and it is not true that Professor Tarlé is the first historian to give a certain economic interpretation of Napoleon.

Professor Tarlé is head of the Section of Universal History of the Leningrad Historical Research Institute. One might, therefore, expect his book to give a Marxian interpretation of Napoleon. As a matter of fact, it does nothing of the kind. It is in the main a competent straight narrative of his acts and achievements; it is a psychological rather than a social or economic biography; and it devotes much more space to battles, tactics, and strategy than to classes and economics. The subject on which Professor Tarlé is a real authority is the Continental Blockade, and the book contains some very interesting information about its methods and effects. The author naturally has a good deal to say about the effect of the blockade upon the various classes in France and in the conquered territories and hence upon the attitude of those classes to Napoleon at different periods. Otherwise he says little about the relation, in a Marxist sense, between Napoleon and the class structure of France and the Empire, and what he does say is for the most part rather perfunctory.

This question of the Marxian interpretation of Napoleon is, however, very interesting. The jacket implies that Professor Tarlé is the first historian to explain that Napoleon's collapse was due to the fact that he based his empire upon the bourgeoisie, which deserted him as soon as they found that his victories did not "pay," and that he refused to base it upon the support of the classes which would have followed him to the end, namely the workers and peasants. There are one or two short passages in Professor Tarlé's work from which it is possible to argue that he accepts this interpretation of history. But it has been, of course, a commonplace of Socialist historians ever since 1830. One of the earliest to expound it at considerable length was Louis Blanc, and it will be found again at the end of the nineteenth century in writers like Viviani, who contributed to Jaurès's *Histoire Socialiste*. There is, no doubt, some slight basis of fact for this theory: it is true that Napoleon came into power upon the reaction of the well-to-do bourgeoisie against the "excesses" of the Revolution and that his empire made the Revolution safe for the bourgeoisie. In that sense his empire was and continued to be a middle-class empire. It is true that, when the middle-classes found that his wars were bringing them ruin and misery instead of victory, glory, and profits, they wisely deserted him. It is also true that, when in March, 1814, the Allied army left Napoleon in its rear and marched upon Paris, and again in 1815 when after Waterloo the Allies appeared for the second time before Paris, the only classes which showed any sign of being willing to stand by the Emperor were the workers of Paris and the peasants of the agricultural districts. But this was due solely to the fact that these classes feared—and not without reason—that the scorpions of a feudal monarchist Bourbon restoration would chastise them even more uncomfortably than the whips of the Napoleonic conscription. There is ample evidence to prove that the workers and peasants in 1813 were as weary as the bourgeoisie and the Marshals of Napoleonic blood and glory. When Napoleon was at last safely out of the way and the Ultra-Royalists in power, Liberals, incipient Socialists, workers, and peasants forgot the senseless savagery of the Napoleonic wars and many of them became dupes of a Napoleonic legend in which glory and liberty were fantastically interwoven. Hence the illusion that if the Emperor had only based his empire upon the "masses" instead of the bourgeoisie, all would have been well. The illusion made Napoleon III possible. One hesitates to say which of these three things indicates most clearly the hopeless savagery and stupidity of the human race: the sixteen years of senseless massacre conducted by a savage in the centre of Europe, the legend which turned him into a hero, or the translation of his caricature into the Emperor Napoleon III. LEONARD WOOLF

UNLUCKY NUMBER

Hand in Glove. By M. G. EBERHART. *Collins.* 7*s.* 6*d.*
Tenant for Death. By CYRIL HARE. *Faber and Faber.* 7*s.* 6*d.*
Murder at Government House. By ELSPETH HUXLEY. *Methuen.* 7*s.* 6*d.*
The Burning Court. By JOHN DICKSON CARR. *Hamish Hamilton.* 7*s.* 6*d.*
The Family Skeleton. By ESTHER TYLER. *Bell.* 7*s.* 6*d.*
A Single Hair. By HERBERT ADAMS. *Collins.* 7*s.* 6*d.*
The D.A. Calls it Murder. By ERLE STANLEY GARDNER. *Cassell.* 7*s.* 6*d.*
Death in the Deep South. By WARD GREENE. *Cassell.* 7*s.* 6*d.*
Fatal Dose. By BELTON COBB. *Longmans.* 7*s.* 6*d.*
The Man Who Wasn't There. By ANTHONY GILBERT. *Collins.* 7*s.* 6*d.*
The Porcelain Fish. By HARRIETTE R. CAMPBELL. *Heinemann.* 7*s.* 6*d.*
Choose Your Weapon. By VERNON LODER. *Collins.* 7*s.* 6*d.*
Death of Mr. Dodsley. By JOHN FERGUSON. *Collins.* 7*s.* 6*d*

Thirteen detective novels should suggest that readers are out of luck—and so they are. These books cry out, not for justice but mercy. Oh! If only it were possible to spare authors without misleading readers! Yet the drug-fiends of detection must get their supplies of dope in adulterated form when the genuine article is unprocurable, and, as no doubt many people *need* this stuff, all I can do is to append a certificate of analysis.

Hand in Glove is not a fair sample of Mrs. Eberhart, but still it manages to retain the flavour of that lady's better work. The exuberant style carries one along in eager expectation of some nice surprise on the next page, only the surprise, when it materialises, is a nasty one; the villain of the piece proves to have outstepped the bounds of human credibility. The night before his wedding the managing director of the Haviland Bridge Company Inc. is bumped off. One or more of the Haviland family must be responsible, and the director's bonny bride-to-be, who went out in the snow about the right time of night to tell a rival lover to go away, has to rely on her native innocence to exculpate her. I prefer to think, if think I must, that she was lying rather than accept Mrs. Eberhart's feeble alternative.

In *Tenant for Death* Mr. Cyril Hare has the skeleton of a good plot, but the application of the living flesh proves rather a strain on his prentice hand. This is Mr. Hare's first venture into detection, but I am confident it is not his last, for his faults are due to lack of technique rather than lack of principle. Indeed, his principles are so high-minded that he provides a single motive for a single crime without a sniff of a red herring. Such a theme, if it is to get past the reader undetected, requires more dexterous handling of events and characters than Mr. Hare can yet command. The crime is the strangling of a City financier on the eve of his get-away with his crooked boodle. Any further detail would give the plot away.

Miss Huxley is also a novice to the best of my knowledge. Her *Murder at Government House* brings a breath of fresh atmosphere from the tropics, for which we must be thankful. The Governor of one of our African colonies is neatly strangled at his desk during a gala evening at Marula. A *Canadian* detective is employed by the local police—I can only think for the sake of the snappiness of his pseudo-American jargon. If I had been put on the case I should have arrested him on the spot as an obvious fake. A lady anthropologist, a witch-doctor and a hard-bitten settler in Chania colony are all called on to contribute to the entertainment, but the *dénouement* depends on the suppression of evidence until the last chapter—and if we can condone that, why object to anything?

Echoes of *Le Drame des Poisons* in seventeenth-century France reverberate distressingly through Mr. Dickson Carr's *The Burning Court*. Mr. Carr is very fond of lugging in a bit of old history to flavour his murders, but on this occasion he even uses the idea of the transmigration of souls as an extra bewilderment. Must we condone reincarnations of Madame de Brinvilliers in the twentieth century? I see no reason for it; and *The Burning Court* would have been far better without her intrusion. Mr. Carr's narrative is seething with excitement, but by straining the fantastic to excess he topples over into the ridiculous.

The Family Skeleton is a most exciting thriller masquerading as a detective story, with a most sensational solution leaving parts of the action unexplained. Ten persons are marooned on an island in a storm. In the first 150 pages the casualties are: one shot dead, one shot wounded, one nearly drowned, one fallen over a cliff, one gagged and bound, two knocked senseless with a golf club, one winged with a flower-pot and one cat pulverised. So there was plenty for Miss Tyler to account for, if she pleased.

Tragedy in a decayed Scotch mansion, where the master of the house is lucky enough to keep a "regal" woman in velvet as his mistress, is the plot of *A Single Hair*. Mr. Adams manipulates all his characters with the ease obtained by long practice, but he also manipulates the criminal with shameless complacency. This particular *pis aller* for a proper solution has been popularised by the Coles and really requires red ink for its denunciation.

Erle Stanley Gardner has built up an enviable reputation for himself with his Perry Mason stories, so what can have induced him to publish a half-baked caricature of his style in *The D.A. Calls it Murder*? It reads like an early work, resurrected from the waste-paper basket, which the author has not had the heart to destroy for sentimental reasons. Certainly the callow sentimentality so prominent in *The D.A. Calls it Murder* can be detected still latent in the Perry Mason series, but Mr. Gardner's appeal to his public is semi-tough and no one could call his latest publication even that. The plot is a small town murder in California in slow motion with close-ups of the handsome District Attorney who makes good.

Sadists are catered for in *Death in the Deep South*, where a girl of fifteen is raped and murdered and there is a doubt about who is responsible. A negro is beaten up and a white man is eventually lynched, but the doubt remains; and Mr. Ward Greene is so keen to keep up the mystery that he never bothers to elucidate it. Consequently the crime is impossible, *ergo* it could never have been committed, *ergo* the book is a bombination *in vacuo*.

Mr. Cobb is a novelist who likes to describe characters rather than action and he is most felicitous in describing the visitors at a seaside boarding house in *Fatal Dose*. The poisoning, which proclaims the book a detective story, is a mere peg on which to hang Detective Inspector Burmann's bowler.

Anthony Gilbert's *The Man Who Wasn't There* is put forward as "a magnificent story of crime and passion." Rightly we understand this to mean it is not an orthodox detective novel. When the attractive actress is accused of dropping hyoscin into her unattractive husband's port we realise that it will take 250 pages to exculpate her, and in the process the true villain shows his colours so conspicuously that it is only a question of time—and what a time!—before his shoes give him away. Theoretically this ought not to matter, because we are wrought up over the actress's predicament, but in practice one's attention is likely to wander.

In Miss Harriette Campbell's first detective story, *The String Glove Mystery* the crime was rather subordinate to the hunting-field where it occurred, and people who like horseflesh will relish the gallops across country in *The Porcelain Fish*. People who like detection can try to puzzle out why the detective is called "Brade" in the text and "Brock" on the dust-cover. Maybe the pungency of animals throughout the work infects even the detective in the end.

Possibly it may be thought I have spoken hard words of the above eleven works, but I will now make amends; for, compared to *Choose Your Weapon* and *Death of Mr. Dodsley*, they are all masterpieces of skill and imagination. RALPH PARTRIDGE

JACK SQUIRE WALKS WEST

The Honeysuckle and the Bee. By SIR JOHN SQUIRE. *Heinemann.* 8*s.* 6*d.*

Two things at least concerning Sir John Squire could have been predicted by those who know him well: first, that having passed his fiftieth milestone he would write reminiscences, and secondly, that they would not keep too closely in step with the march of time. Some two years ago, in a volume mainly of personal appreciations, he made a beginning with his personal memories; and here, by way as he says of prelude to "a more chronological set of recollections," he sets out upon a saunter through the scenes and friendships of his richly furnished past. The manner is not entirely his own; but it will certainly lead many readers to echo the exclamation of a cricketing acquaintance he met in a Bath Hotel: "I say, Squire, you must have known an awful number of people!" As a matter of fact, few men in the England of our day have known more.

The present reviewer can hardly make pretence of writing an objective notice of *The Honeysuckle and the Bee*. Soon after the absurd song thus entitled ceased to be heard over the land, I came to know Jack Squire in a company of my juniors—several of them, like himself, not long down from Cambridge—who were then enjoying their early adventures in literary journalism. As I recall them now, they were unusually and variously gifted, and in the long interval since 1907, with which year this volume more or less starts, a few of those who survive have sown beside strange waters. There could not have been any dispute as to the natural leader of the group. Squire was at once poet, critic, and journalist and he carried the marks of a born editor. The range of his reading even then was remarkable. He was ready with encouragement for any still younger writer in whom he saw promise. He had a sure hand with copy; his working pace was astonishing; he could turn his pen at need to the job of any contributor. Upon the launching of the *New Statesman* he was made literary editor, and it so happened that for some years I had regular opportunities of sharing his mind and observing its play. The *London Mercury* was in the future, and with it the diversions of *Grub Street Nights*.

Not all of us knew at that time of his rural tastes and long-distance walking. Until quite recently, I think, he withheld from his readers knowledge of the delightful fact that while at the 'Varsity he made a practice of taking the road from Cambridge to his home in Devon. But for that habit of his nonage, we may guess, Sir John Squire would not now be found stringing his recollections along the route from London to the West Country: for such is the plan of this autobiographical prelude. He moves entirely at his own whim, but if it should chance that he is held up by a night of hospitality he shows a certain conscience

What do you know of our Czechoslovakia?

Its location in Europe—its capital—its curative spas—its unique sporting facilities—its majestic mountains and unique scenery—its romantic history and atmosphere—ITS CHARM AS A HAPPY, UNSPOILT HOLIDAY LAND!

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about going on the next morning. In days long before the journey here recorded he had sampled the Casual Ward, felt the rough side of police technique, and learned at first hand what is likely to happen to a seemingly destitute tramp. His later experiences of the road include none of those things. Sir John Squire this time was all right as regards money and clothes. He could stay at an hotel (I am shocked to find him writing, like an American, "a hotel") if he had a mind to, and he felt no disdain when offered a lift in a car or when a motor bus conveniently drove by at eve. His knowledge of England is amazing: I should doubt whether Mr. E. V. Lucas himself is at home in a larger number of our small old towns. He could call up an acquaintance from a given spot in almost any county; and if there lives, or lived in the recent past, a queer bookman or collector, a neglected poet, a cricketer-innkeeper or a man bearing a load of odd knowledge, within reach of his lunch-time rest, be sure that Sir John Squire will sketch him for you. In such passages he is at his best. Nor will he fail to persuade you that even amid the swift urbanisation of our Southern counties the open road and half-open inn continue to provide an extraordinary diversity of human creatures—notwithstanding his conviction that the present process has meant the loss alike of religion and passion, of humour and style.

But why, I wonder, should Sir John Squire's narrative and digressions be permitted at times to become so markedly Bellocian? He remarks, in connection with a certain highways-and-byways volume, that Mr. Belloc's influence on an author of that kind is no bad thing. I can't agree. *The Path to Rome*, of course, has cast a long and wide spell, but I should argue that it ought not to be a temptation to a writer of Sir John Squire's distinctive endowment. Could he, for instance, left to himself, have made confession that his one day of boredom on the western journey was a Sunday spent in Bath? I think not; and that reminds me of another alien touch. The next time Sir John passes by Mornington Crescent he may confirm my assurance that when a body of non-Bellocian citizens subscribed to the statue they did not order Richard Cobden to be set up in a bronze frock-coat!

The walk to Devon, so agreeably filled, was to have been followed by a similar journey on horseback, and that virtuous enterprise was actually essayed last summer. But the Chilterns were not favourable and in the Vale of Aylesbury, our traveller found, accommodation for man *and* beast is no longer to be had. I do not hold it against him that he should have forgotten some details of his evening spent at the cottage of a distinguished neighbour of mine, whose name and pen are extremely well known to the readers of this journal. What we have against him is that he so mangles the name of our village (his single slip of this kind) as to imply that, opposite the inn on the Icknield Way described in a wistful epilogue, the wayfarer might expect to find Ye Olde Englysshe Tea Shoppe. That, believe me, is not so.

S. K. RATCLIFFE

SHORTER NOTICES

Out of My Coffin: An Autobiography. By MARCHESA STELLA VITELLESCHI (STELLA RHO). *Hurst and Blackett.* 12*s.* 6*d.*

The world to which Stella Vitelleschi as an infant so startlingly returned when her little coffin fell as it was being carried by her father to the waiting hearse and her cry proclaimed her living and not dead, was an important world. Her father was a Roman noble of high descent, a Senator who had been the friend of Mazzini and Victor Emmanuel, her mother a daughter of the ancient Scottish house of Cochrane-Baillie, her godmother Queen Margherita of Italy, and her uncle the Pope's Secretary. It was also a cultivated world and early in her life she met poets and musicians and actors, so that when she entered their world professionally she was at once at ease in it. The Marchesa, under her stage name of Stella Rho, is well-known to London playgoers as a character actress of distinction, and was seen only recently in *Tovarich* and *The Lady of La Paz*. In these lively memoirs she tells us of the Rome of her girlhood and of the earlier Rome her father had known, and passes from palaces and ballrooms to theatres and dressing rooms, with many a story of the people she has met there, and of the characters she has created in the traffic of the stage.

Anne: The Last Stuart Monarch. By NEVILLE CONNELL. *Thornton Butterworth.* 15*s.*

Although Mr. Connell expressly states that this study of Queen Anne does not purport to be a history of her reign, it is the measure of Anne's importance as he presents her, that there is little in the home politics of her time that could be properly omitted. The brandy-bibbing dupe of Sarah Jennings and Abigail Hill disappears as the facts are collected and collated, and we see Anne as she really was, a woman of more than average intelligence, tenacious of her rights, but with a real sense of duty and responsibility to her country, and determined that as long as she reigned she would not be the passive tool of any party. Hence though her bias was Tory, she chose her ministers from among the moderate men, and would no doubt have echoed Harley's statement that he could see no difference between a mad Tory and a mad Whig. That the Queen was alive to all the implications of the intrigues that continually threatened to enmesh her is unlikely, but her intuitions were shrewd and her determination when she took a stand unshakable. Fate was unkind to her. Both her sister and brother-in-law treated her abominably, she was often ill, the Duchess of Marlborough presumed grossly upon her old and deep affection, and she was no Elizabeth; yet this last of the Stuart monarchs dying left to her successor the record of a reign and an age nearer in prestige to that of Elizabeth's than had any other sovereign of her house.

William Bligh of the Bounty in Fact and in Fable. By H. S. MONTGOMERIE. *Williams and Norgate.* 15*s.*

Mr. Pett Ridge once told the story of a widow who on returning from her husband's funeral was seen by her neighbours dancing on the lawn. "How can you?" said an indignant spectator. "Was he not good, brave, generous, handsome?" "Possibly," replied the widow, "but the fact remains, I didn't like him." That is precisely the reply that those who detested Bligh would give to Mr. Montgomerie's vindication of his character. Mr. Montgomerie makes capital out of the fact that Bligh was complimented by Nelson on his handling of his ship at Copenhagen. But no one has contended that he was not an able seaman, and as for his friendship with Banks and others, who has ever aspersed his private character? The best point Mr. Montgomerie scores, is that, of the men who sailed with him on the *Bounty* several had sailed with him before. But the value of this point depends upon what alternative employment offered at the time. No doubt there were greater martinets and crueller brutes afloat, hence the mutiny of the Nore, but it is well known that likes and dislikes turn on fundamental traits of character; a bluff and breezy martinet may be worshipped by his men while a juster beast may be hated like poison; and, accepting Mr. Montgomerie's apology for his hero, we may still hold that he invited the mutiny on the *Bounty* and that a worse man for Governor of New South Wales could not have been chosen. The book, however, is full of interest, the pleading is something better than "special," and the account of Bligh's navigation of the Pacific in an open boat is admirable.

"It's Only Natural": The Philosophy of Nudism. By WILLIAM WELBY. *Thorsons.* 3*s.* 6*d.*

The least tenable of Mr. Welby's pleas and apologies for nudism is that proclaimed in the title of this book. If anything is inexpedient, its naturalness is precisely what we have to suppress. In the rest Mr. Welby is on firmer ground. That hygienically it is good to expose the whole body to sun and air, weather permitting, no one will deny. That we are just as likely to be moral naked as clothed is probable, and it is still more probable that even without the example of nudist colonies sun-bathers will pleasantly reduce their clothing till there is nothing left. We may concede, too, that prudery is but the reverse side of lust, and that there are far more suitable causes for shame than nakedness. But where Mr. Welby does not convince us is on the aesthetic side. If we all at all times and all ages looked like figures from Greek vases, then our nakedness might be communally agreeable. But we don't and never shall. Mr. Welby illustrates his book with some admirable studies of the nude; but the photographer, like the young woman in Longfellow's poem, "knows how much 'tis best to show." We know, of course, he is obeying the law, but he is also, however accidentally, dodging the issue.

South African Eden: From Sabi Game Reserve to Kruger National Park. By J. STEVENSON-HAMILTON. *Cassell.* 12*s.* 6*d.*

Colonel Stevenson-Hamilton is the Ranger of the famous Kruger National Park, where the wild beasts of South Africa live in a state of nature, free from the interference of man, other than holiday visits of tourists in motor-cars; the car, by now, having been found innocuous, being treated with indifference even by the lions. Thirty-five years ago, at the close of the Boer War, Colonel Stevenson-Hamilton was offered the post of Ranger of a game reserve, which years before had been earmarked for that purpose, in this study he tells us of the long struggle against commercial exploitation of the area, which ended with the establishment of the National Park. Interesting as the story of his wardenship undoubtedly is, more interesting still is the cunning comment on the way in which the economy of nature has worked out under conditions that have eliminated the human hunter, but have left the beasts of prey free to hunt in peace. The Colonel has many good stories to tell of the tourist visitors to the Park, but it is as a study in preserved natural history that the book claims and deserves the consideration of readers.

Leadership in a Free Society. By T. N. WHITEHEAD. *Oxford University Press.* 10*s.* 6*d.*

This sociological study by T. N. Whitehead, Assistant Professor in the Harvard Business School, is dominated by the two themes which play so large a part in his father's philosophical system—the themes of

Letter in New Statesman, May 8th, 1937

SIR,—Socialists all agree about the advantages of the Left Book Club. But your correspondents who have criticised it seem to me not to have understood its chief dangers.

A Left-wing author who is accepted by the Left Book Club is sure of a 40,000 sale, whether he gets any reviews or not, and he receives perhaps ten or more times as much payment for his book as he would get with another publisher. This means that every Left writer will want above everything to please the Selection Committee of the Left Book Club. I know of cases already in which authors have trimmed the conclusions of their books in the hope of pleasing Mr. Gollancz. In one case the conclusions did not at all follow from the facts put forward in the book, but their tone was apparently satisfactory. In any case the book was accepted.

This desire of writers to get accepted by the Selection Committee has the result of elevating Victor Gollancz, John Strachey and Prof. Laski to a position of virtual censorship over the books that will be read by the young Left public. I respect the opinions of all the three censors, but fear the effect of their decisions on authors and on the public. I have come across cases of young men and women who say they do not need to read anything outside the publications of the Left Book Club. These contain the truth and that is all there is to it. I have also come across many cases of people who subscribe to the Left Book Club, put the books on their shelves, but never read more than a page or two of them.

Finally it becomes more and more difficult for a "Left" writer whose opinions are not pleasing to Mr. Gollancz, Mr. Strachey and Mr. Laski, or to any one of the three, to get a book read or even published at all. If the idea gets about that all the good Left books are passed through the Left Book Club sieve, books that do not conform to this particular type of orthodoxy may seem to other publishers to stand little chance of selling.

AUTHOR.

Our Reply

We agree with this letter.

We have published a number of left-wing books, and are well aware that there is a subtle censorship from the left, which attempts to deny to all types of progressive literature—except the communist—full freedom of expression and distribution.

We think, as our list proves, that the war against conservative and fascist reaction cannot be waged successfully with only one weapon—the communist steam-roller.

Selected List of Left Books

Ready

Conze's Spain To-day, 3*s.* 6*d.* net.
James' World Revolution, 12*s.* 6*d.* net.
Liepmann's Death from the Skies, 6*s.* net.
Langdon-Davies' Spanish Barricades, 12*s.* 6*d.* net.
Renn's Death Without Battle, 6*s.* net.
Tarle's Bonaparte, 18*s.* net.
Gide's Back from the U.S.S.R., 2*s.* 6*d.* net.

To Come:

Reynolds' White Sahibs in India
Brockway's Workers' Front
Zukerman's Jew in Revolt
Padmore's Africa and World Peace
Ridley's Papacy and Fascism
Griffin's Life in the Army
Reimann's Destiny of Germany

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22 Essex Street, Strand, W.C.2

organism and process. The question which he propounds is that of who the leaders in a modern industrial community, like America, are, and how they can most competently conduct in the right direction an integrated and progressive society. His answer is that the administrators of the business world are essentially the vanguard in such a society, and he seeks a reply to his second question by asking what the demands are of the subordinate industrial mass which needs leadership. He finds that the classical view that those demands are primarily economic in character does not fit either a priori facts or the results, for example, of investigations by big American business groups; and re-formulates them in broader terms which embrace not only the economic demands but also those less definable in quantitative language, the vague emotional desiderium for social justice which characterises the working class in an industrial organism. The book is noteworthy for an exceptional clarity of style.

GRAMOPHONE NOTES

REMOTE indeed are the mercies for which we have to thank the Coronation. To it, no doubt, we owe the publication this month by H.M.V. of Mozart's so-called "*Coronation*" *Concerto* (*D major, K.*537), though its connection with the coronation of Leopold II is slight in the extreme. (Had events shaped otherwise perhaps we might have had a selection from that interesting Monteverde opera *L'Incoronazione di Poppea*.) This is the last but one of the glorious series of Mozart's piano concertos, but not one of the most interesting, for it contains more than the usual proportion of formal eighteenth-century passage-work. Nevertheless it is more than agreeable to listen to in the immensely accomplished performance of Wanda Landowska and a chamber orchestra conducted by Walter Goehr (DB3147–50). Though Mme. Landowska is as fine a pianist as she is a harpsichordist, I think these are her first piano records. On the last side she finds scope for the deeper qualities of her art in the very beautiful *Fantasia in D minor* (*K.*397). The same conductor and William Primrose have recorded on Col. LX605–7 a work labelled as *Viola Concerto in B minor* (Handel-Casadesus). The accompanying leaflet is extremely vague as to the provenance of this piece, which appears to have been put together from a solo part (? viola da gamba) and sketchy figured bass which M. Casadesus "discovered somewhere." One of London's best-informed Handel collectors could throw no light upon the question, and Mr. Primrose is in America; so there, it seems, we must be content to leave it for the moment. Whether or not another Kreisler hoax is under way, this concerto makes a charming and valuable addition to the limited repertoire of the viola. The treatment of the last movement strikes me as un-Handelian, but none the less delightful. An unusual feature is the retention in the middle movement (a tender Andante) of the key of the two outer movements. Primrose's playing is both vigorous and delicate. Beecham adds a sensitive *Freischütz* Overture to his series of technically magnificent recordings (Col. LX601). If only the recent Toscaninis were of this standard! They vary in quality, but none is really good, and here is a *Siegfried Idyll* which is the worst of all (H.M.V. DB2920–1). Wagner's reverie over the *Siegfried* themes ranks among the most tender and delicate achievements of nineteenth-century art, and we are bound to scrutinise closely a new presentation. Toscanini's interpretation, which I have heard in the concert hall, is of an unearthly poise and serenity, if lacking something of the rich human emotion with which this score overflows. But these records do little justice to his art: the soft passages are so thin and colourless as to suggest that most exasperating of experiences—arriving late at Queen's Hall and hearing a favourite work through closed doors; the second side does not begin to play until *twenty seconds* after the first groove, and then with a false start; the break between sides 3 and 4 occurs in the middle of a motive. I know that Toscanini now refuses to attend recording sessions, so that records have to be taken at rehearsals; but no excuse can justify the issue of this *Siegfried Idyll*. (The best version remains that of Bruno Walter on H.M.V. DB2634–5.) Cannot someone lure Toscanini into the Abbey Road studios while he is in London during the next few weeks? Heifetz displays lovely tone and an almost feline charm of style in Tchaikovsky's *Violin Concerto* (cond. Barbirolli: H.M.V. DB3159–62); there are rival versions of this wistful, endearing work by Elman and Huberman, but they are less well done. I love Tchaikovsky in this elegiac mood (the mood of his lovely opera *Eugen Onegin*), and find his *Romeo and Juliet* Overture (Boston Phil., Koussevitzky, H.M.V. DB3165–7) rather turgid by comparison. The playing in this set is good, the recording not up to the best European standards.

I ought perhaps to explain that my judgments in these notes are based principally upon one of the Davey Hand-made Gramophones (E.M.G.), which still remain unsurpassed for all but the heaviest orchestral records. In reviewing the latter I sometimes check results against one of the fine Radiogramophones which Keith Prowse are now putting out: between these and the E.M.G. Radiogramophones there seems to me very little to choose. Both are superb, and miles ahead of all other electrical reproducers which I have encountered.

The Budapest Quartet replace their admirable 1931 version of Beethoven's *B flat Quartet, Op.* 130 by a new recording which shows a great gain in clarity and power (H.M.V. DB 2239–43). No other version of this great work need be considered; but for those who cannot afford the whole set it is worth mentioning that the deeply moving *Cavatina* is complete on DB 2242. The Roth Quartet provide an excellently solid reading of one of Haydn's finest Quartets, the early *F minor, Op.* 20, *No.* 5, which concludes with a splendid fugue. These records would be perfect but for some very awkward turn-overs (Col. LX 608–10). The Pro Arte version in one of the Society albums managed things better, but is not available separately. A first recording of the highest interest is the Mozart *Violin Sonata in E minor* (*K.* 304), complete on one record in a fine performance by Szigeti and Nikita de Magaloff (Col. LX 604). It is a pleasure to be able to recommend this subtle and profound work which can be bought complete for six shillings by most of those who really want it, and not wistfully contemplated in the thirty shilling class. If THE NEW STATESMAN AND NATION is allowed to have a Record of the Month, this is it.

There have been some interesting piano records. The Beethoven Sonata which, rage pedants how they will, everybody continues to call the "*Moonlight*" has been done by Paderewski (H.M.V. DB 3123–4) and Petri (Col. LX 602–3). The latter's superb technique gives him the advantage in the tempestuous finale, and many will throughout prefer his cool precision to the former's romantic glow. But in spite of certain characteristic flaws (bass before treble, etc.) the Paderewski is my choice: the tone is glorious, and the whole conception masterly and dynamic. At the age of 76 what an artist he remains! These are his first

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records for several years, and many of the old ones date from the period when he used a rather dry Erard in place of the deep-toned Steinway he now plays. I hope there are more to come, though his Chopin *Polonaise in A flat, Op.* 53 (H.M.V. DB 3134) sounds tired and tonally unsuccessful. The last side of the "*Moonlight*" is occupied by a delicious performance of his own celebrated *Minuet*. There is a highly attractive *Children's Corner Suite* (Debussy) from Gieseking on Col. LX 597 and LB 33, though his tempo for the *Serenade for the Doll* seemed on the slow side. The Cortot version on H.M.V. is probably more authentic, but the recording is not recent. On the other hand, Cortot's *Papillons* (Schumann) is tonally delightful, and a charming performance of a hitherto unrecorded work (H.M.V. DA 1442–3).

Though this is the operatic time of the year, vocal records are not very interesting. An exception is Flagstad's singing of two Grieg songs in Norwegian on H.M.V. DA 1515, which captures the lovely quality of her voice to perfection; the songs are attractive, but are half way towards Victorian balladry. Georges Thill is good in the *Benedictus* from Bach's *B minor Mass* (Col. LB 35). Poor Conchita Supervia (Parlo. RO 20336) and Elisabeth Schumann are represented by operetta trifles: it is fascinating to observe the skill with which Schumann now manages her top register. She whistles too (H.M.V. DA 1557). Lina Pagliughi and Luigi Fort were both announced for the Covent Garden season, but we are still waiting for them. The former gives an excellent account of the *Hymn to the Sun* from *Coq d'Or*, backed by the difficult *Come scoglio* from *Così fan tutte*, in which she cheats by singing the low passages an octave higher (Parlo. E 11317). Fort is pretty, but no more, in the Serenade from *Don Pasquale* (sung without chorus) and *Il mio tesoro* from *Don Giovanni* (Col. DB 1690). No recorded performance of this supreme test of a lyrical tenor has ever approached that made by John McCormack in 1910, but happily still available (H.M.V. DB 324) In the cadenza Fort takes three breaths to McCormack's one! Parlophone issue a Leporello air (*Don Giovanni*) by Ollendorff (RO 20337) which would have been excellent but for an absurd piano accompaniment—as though its date were 1903 instead of 1937. It is a pity that Germaine Lubin, the excellent Covent Garden Ariane and Alceste is not introduced by something better than a vocal transcription of a Chopin *Etude* called "*Tristesse*" and a *Cantate de la Pentecôte* (Bach-Sylvain-St. Etienne!) which turns out to be an uncomfortably high-pitched version of our old friend *My heart ever faithful* (Parlo. E. 11318). Finally the Malatesta-Pasquale duet from *Don Pasquale* is murdered on Parlophone E 11319 by Signors Azzolini and Fregosi. In vain does Donizetti ask for *pianissimi* and precision; all the Signors can supply is a ringing and inaccurate *fortissimo*.

DESMOND SHAW-TAYLOR

Week-end Competitions

No. 374

Set by Allan M. Laing

Probably the shortest well-known poem in the English language is Mr. W. N. Ewer's

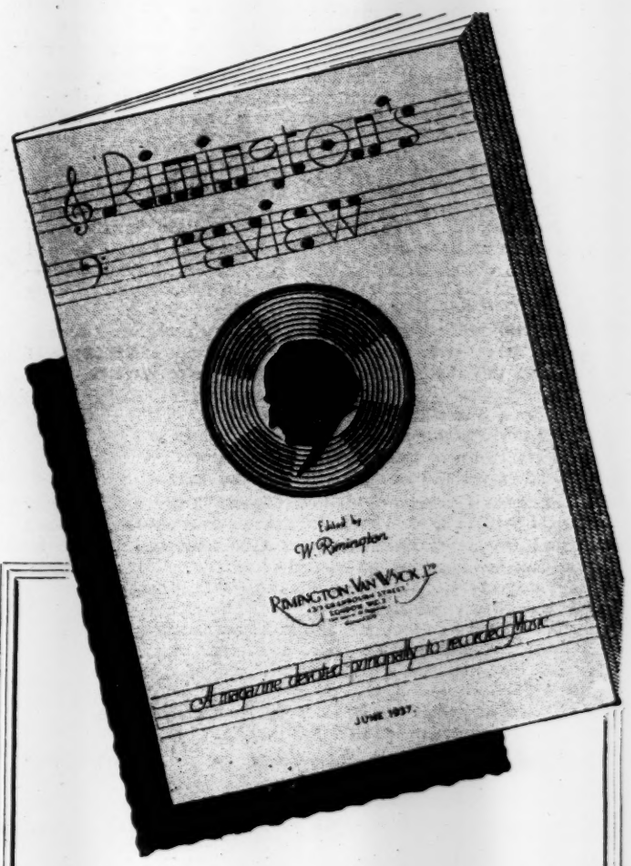
How odd
Of God
To choose
The Jews.

This statement of opinion has always seemed to me to call for reply or at least for comment. The usual prizes (Two Guineas and Half-a-Guinea) are therefore offered for the best of such replies or comments expressed in a similar concise and epigrammatic form.

RULES—

1. Envelopes should be marked with the number of the Problem, in the top left-hand corner, and should be addressed to COMPETITIONS, 10 Great Turnstile, High Holborn, W.C.1. Solutions must reach the Editor by first post on Friday, May 21st.
2. Competitors may use a pseudonym. Typescript is not insisted on, but writing must be on one side of the paper only.
3. The Editor's decision is final. He reserves the right to print in part or as a whole any matter sent in, whether it be awarded a prize or not. MSS. cannot be returned. When no entries reach the required standard no prize will be awarded.
4. No competitor is eligible for more than one prize in any one week.

The result of the last week's competition will be announced in our next issue.



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RESULT OF COMPETITION No. 372

Set by Frederick Laws

A first prize of Two Guineas and a second of Half a Guinea are offered for the best dance lyrics containing the line "I'm a White-livered Red with the Blues." Entries should be topical but need not necessarily be croonable.

Report by Frederick Laws

There were some forty entries and only one of them was crazy. Some people parodied the normal dance lyric, but most tried hard to imitate it at least half seriously. The difficulty of it lies in the dependence of the verse on the music and the absence of any strict form. Richard Pomfret pointed out that his "syllables-per-line flexed about a bit—but to a Big Time dance vocalist this is just one of those things." Only one competitor suggested a tune to which his verses could go.

Several entries were about people who faced both ways and, though Communists, bought seats for the Coronation. Except in the hands of John Harkness this theme proved to be thin. Here is some of his last verse:

I'm a White-livered Red with the Blues,
Spick from the collar and span to the shoes;
For I've gone and fallen for a Marchioness
She mayn't be moral but she sure can dress.

Gerald Summers produced a morbid masterpiece in which over twenty lines ended in "-ick in it" but it wasn't a dance lyric or topical. Pymonie Moeran and Robert Gaffikin were too Gilbertian and had to be eliminated though I liked the latter's first verse:

It seems very odd that an Archdeacon's daughter,
Of decidedly orthodox views,
Should fall for a Communist saved from the slaughter
The Nazis inflict on the Jews.
But how could she hope to resist his appealing?
Say, how could she ever refuse
To console, when he cried with such exquisite feeling,
"I'm a White-livered Red with the Blues"?

F. D. P., Hopkins, and George Eades deserve special mention. Frank Adams started well:

Buy, Buy, Bunting
Everybody's hunting
For Red and White and Blue;
Suppose the Towns
Want cardboard Crowns,
But, Ba-a-by, I want you!

V. Hoare (address please) struck the right note with deplorable exactitude, and William Burgess was a close runner-up.

FIRST PRIZE
HOT AIR BLUES

High brow politics,
Never gonna get me now.
Die now, politics,
You sure found a sucker, I'll allow.
I spent my youth not funking,
debunking
Lib and Tory,
Gay and gory.
And finally MacDonald I did choose.
But Windbag lost his flavour,
his savour,
I waver,
Now I'm a white-livered red with the blues.

High brow politics,
Never gonna get me now.
Cry now, politics,
You sure lost a trusting sort of cow.
The goddam time I wasted asserting,
not deserting
I.L.P.
When tied, and free
I carefully expounded Maxton's views.
But Trotskyists got busy,
whizzy
then dizzy,
Now I'm a white-livered red with the blues.

High brow politics,
Never gonna get me now.
Sigh now, politics,
You got a long rest owing you, I vow.
I did so much debating
relating.
With the converted
Since deserted
I adorned politics like to a recluse.
I'm a failure with the masses,
the asses,
when I gasses.
I'm a white-livered red with the blues.

V. HOARE

SECOND PRIZE
"I'M A WHITE-LIVERED RED WITH THE BLUES"

I worshipped afar the U.S.S.R.
I was red, really red.
For dictator Stalin I abjured Marlene
And read Marx instead.
I voted first-rate the communist state
And in long manifestos too hot for asbestos
I said
Class is dead.

They've cut me up in Kensington, they've cursed me down at Kew.
It's my views, my awful views.
If on justice I enlarge someone sneers "Sabotage!
Read the news!"
I've got the blues.
But it's little short of slander when they call me Moscow's pander
And speak with icy candour of subversive propaganda!
I'm a white-livered red with the blues.
From comment I refrain for I know they'll drag in Spain
And I feel I'll go insane if they mention it again!
I'm a pink-livered, white-livered, lily-livered red with the blues!

The newsboys are calling the slaughter's appalling
I'm red, fairly red.
I suppose it is true all about the Ogpu
Yes, I'm red, faintly red.
But murder and pillage and bombing of village
Is out of the question upsets my digestion
And head
I'll to bed.

They've hounded me from Hounslow and at Hampstead I've been hissed.
It's my views, my awful views.
If I try to be superior someone smart suggests "Siberia!
Read the news!"
I've got the blues.
But it's just too much to grin and to say it is a sin
That I'm not embalmed like Lenin and on view in the Kremlin!
I'm a white-livered red with the blues.
From comment I refrain for I know they'll drag in Spain
And I feel I'll go insane if they mention it again!
I'm a pink-livered, white-livered, lily-livered red with the blues!

WILLIAM BURGESS

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CALIBAN'S PROBLEM CONTEST

PROBLEM 228.—AT THE "GOLDEN PHEASANT" (II)

It may be remembered that, on an occasion recently discussed, a party of six dined at the "Golden Pheasant." The diners were: Professor A. B. Surd, Sir Log a Rithm, Lord Cosine, and their wives. A year later they assembled for a second dinner. And, as before, they were seated at a circular table, each husband opposite to his wife.

When dinner was over, Lord Cosine, who this time was acting as Chairman, said:

"Ladies and gentlemen: It is proposed that this year, as last, we should now rearrange ourselves. Each of us will move to a different chair from that which he or she now occupies.

"Our new positions at the table will be determined by lot. I have had prepared a number of slips of paper, equal in number to the number of ways in which we can rearrange ourselves. Each possible arrangement is on one slip and one slip only, and I shall ask Mrs. Surd to draw one for us from a hat. This year, by the way, there will be no dirty work."

When the exchange of seats had been effected, the three men found themselves sitting together.

"Curious," murmured Lord Cosine. "What do you suppose are the á priori odds against our finding ourselves next to one another?"

What is the answer?

PROBLEM 226.—THE FIFTH FORM AT ST. LOVADUC'S

There are 25 girls in the form.

This is one of those problems that call for "intelligent trial and error." At least I am not aware of a relevant formula.

One or two solvers take exception to the phrase "the same scheme for the *division* of the money." Division here is meant to have reference to the three different monetary units of which the total of 25s is composed. My critics argue that since each "division" in this sense admits of six distributional schemes, the number of girls must be a multiple of six, and that therefore the problem has no solution. My answer is that, even if the word *division* is capable of a dual interpretation, the second interpretation must be applied where the first one clearly fails. I think the interpretation intended, and accepted by the great majority of solvers, is in any case the better.

PROBLEM 225.—AT THE GOLDEN PHEASANT (I)

The majority of solvers have argued as follows:

If the Professor goes to seat:	The number of possibilities for his wife is:	Of which the number that are favourable is:
2	4	2
3	4	1
4	5	2
5	4	1
6	4	2

Hence he should occupy seat 2 or 6 and the chance that his wife is sitting next to him is ½.

This is incorrect. It is quite true that the Professor must choose seat 2 or 6, but the chance that his wife sits next to him cannot (in my opinion) be calculated without some analysis of the various ways in which the diners can be re-seated.

Such analysis will also be relevant to this week's *Golden Pheasant* problem; and I will deal with the two together.

PRIZES FOR PROBLEM SOLVERS

A set of Low's cartoons is awarded to the sender of a correct solution selected at random.

In addition, a record is kept of correct solutions sent, and of the points scored weekly by solvers. On attaining 100 points a solver is entitled to a prize consisting of any book (or books) reviewed or advertised in these columns, of a value not greater than 10s. Solvers who have won a prize on this basis are eligible for a second prize on attaining a further 120 points, and for a third prize on attaining a further 150. Solutions must be addressed to CALIBAN, c/o the Editor, and must reach this office not later than Tuesday week following publication of the problem. Solutions to two problems may be sent in one envelope, but on separate sheets of paper.

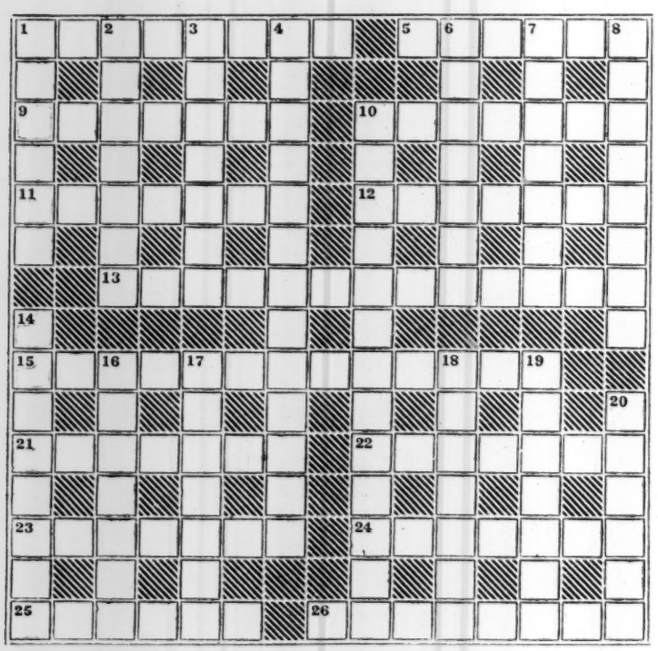
Some indication should be given of the method of solution.

[U.S.A. Competitors. The Editor regrets that the prizes offered in our Week-end Competitions cannot apply to American competitors.]

CALIBAN

WEEK-END CROSSWORD 375

Books to the value of Five Shillings may be chosen by the sender of the first correct solution opened. Post solutions to arrive not later than first delivery Wednesday following the date of issue, addressed to "CROSSWORDS," 10 Great Turnstile, London, W.C.1.



Set by L.-S.

The last week's winner is
D. Prys Jones, 86 Swinley Road, Wigan.

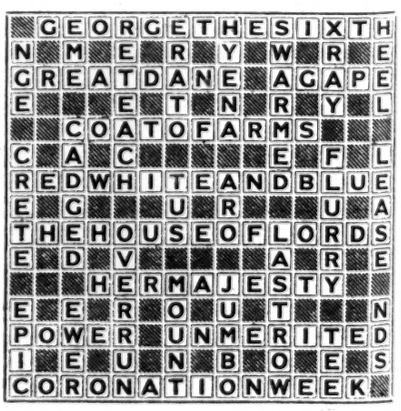
ACROSS

1. One page fewer.
5. Forcibly uplifted.
9. Men (presumably singing) in an aria.
10. Formerly the powder magazine of Europe.
11. An all-night cricketers' dance?
12. Dimensions for an overcoat perhaps.
13. Appropriate places for shy chairmen.
15. Ghostly rule?
21. Look in the glass again to see this.
22. Ate lamb after reforming.
23. One's ancestry has collected a wrinkle with years it seems.
24. No doubt a cross country runner wins in this.
25. Green youths from South Africa?
26. Lonely condition of the feverish sometimes.

DOWN

1. A bell I ring the changes on.
2. A kind of Public Assistance official.
3. They provide inside work for the afternoons.
4. Exercises on black notes.
6. Tells the real set.
7. Enables one to make powerful stays.
8. Uncrowd, so to speak.
10. Frequently a fair result of shooting.
14. Crimes that soldiers are expected to commit to order.
16. You'd expect this team to be all arms.
17. Dogged attitude for bayonet fighting.
18. Namely, as it were.
19. Makes the brat eat.
20. Wrote—a decree for confinement presumably.

LAST WEEK'S CROSSWORD



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(*Continued from page* 831.)

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THE WEEK IN THE CITY

By DIVES

THE GOLD PROBLEM—THE FILM CRISIS AND GAUMONT BRITISH—OVERSEAS BANKS—MORE LIQUIDATION

ARE we prepared to join with other countries in re-establishing an international monetary standard based on gold? It is now evident—General Smuts told the South African Parliament as much—that General Hertzog and Mr. Havenga intend, during their present London visit, to press the British Government hard in favour of restoring the gold standard; and they will doubtless endeavour at the Imperial Conference to persuade the other Dominions that the arguments which won the day for "free" sterling at the 1933 World Economic Conference are now outweighed by stronger considerations. They have, of course, their own axe to grind. Gone are the conditions of 1925–30, when Sir Henry Strakosch, pleading vainly for the liberalisation of trade and exchange, pointed to a growing shortage of monetary gold and prophesied correctly the breakdown of 1931. In those days the annual net increment of new gold for monetary purposes was about £50,000,000. To-day, revalued at 140*s.* per fine ounce and augmented by Russia's vastly increased output, it is of the order of £250,000,000 a year. The annual report of the B.I.S. expresses serious alarm at the potentialities of a terrific gold inflation of prices if this enormously enhanced production of gold enters into the central bank reserves of the gold-acquiring countries—the U.S.A., Britain, Belgium, Holland and Switzerland—and thus forms the basis for a huge expansion of banking credit. This alarm is not shared by Mr. John Martin, who combines the chairmanship of Rand Mines, Ltd., with a directorship of the Bank of England. Mr. Martin says that a reduction (whether enforced by the U.S.A. alone or by international agreement) in the price of gold would be a deflationary calamity. More controversially, he goes on to argue that prices might well be allowed to rise to a level at which existing gold supplies would be no more than adequate. It is true that until we rid ourselves of the twin terrors of war and the madness of central bankers, and are in a position to demonetise gold, the only sensible long-run solution for redundancy of gold is to increase the demand for it. But so long as newly mined gold tends to accumulate in a small handful of countries, with the U.S.A. taking four-fifths of the lot, the rise in the price level would have to be astronomic rather than gradual for the redundancy of gold to be absorbed. Of this Mr. Havenga is doubtless aware; and he must know, too, that the re-establishment of the gold standard would not of itself have any immediate bearing on the "over-abundance" of gold.

* * *

At present only the U.S.A. is prepared to act as an unlimited market for gold at the fixed price of $35 per ounce. If most leading countries reverted to the gold standard, and accepted a statutory obligation to buy and sell gold at named prices, the market for the gold-producers would be theoretically enlarged and *prima facie* "safer," but the direction of the flow of gold would not be automatically altered. Its present one-sided, and potentially inflationary, accumulation would continue just the same. Mere *de jure* stabilisation of the exchanges would not increase world trade nor lead to a more even distribution of gold among the "Have nots," unless it were accompanied by a signal relaxation of tariff barriers and other methods of autarky. The difficulties, in fact, attending both the present "glut" of gold and Mr. Havenga's proposal that we should guarantee South Africa 140*s.* an ounce by reverting to the gold standard are economic rather than purely monetary. If we could get an international agreement (1) that central bank policy must aim at a very gradual but consistent rise in the price level, (2) that vested interests must not be allowed to obstruct return to a much greater freedom of trade, (3) that creditor countries unwilling to see their payments balanced by imports must lend their surplus abroad, and (4) that there must be real international co-operation with regard to the whole range of gold, credit and price problems, then we might consider returning to a gold standard modified by the existence of large Exchange Account gold stocks, not included in central bank reserves but "cushioning" temporary fluctuations of migratory funds. Until agreement on these major factors in a new model, "managed gold" equation can be reached, it may be safer to hold our hands a little longer. Meantime the vaults in New York and London where the (necessarily but expensively) "sterilised" excess gold is stored might well be inscribed *in memoriam* "Smoot-Hawley" and "Ottawa" respectively. The "Haves" cannot have it all ways.

* * *

The crisis in the British film studios is still unsolved. Most of the independent producers are on the financial rocks and Lloyd's underwriters, faced with extremely heavy losses, have at last realised that the guaranteeing of producers' overdrafts at the banks is not insurance but a crazy gamble. The joint stock banks, I hear, have refused for the rest of the year to extend advances even to their regular film customers against studio productions. The industry is waiting upon the introduction of the Government Bill to extend the film quotas. Personally, I would advocate a tariff on imported films, heavy enough to force the big American combines to produce good quality films in this country. A tariff would quickly fill the empty spaces in the studios and absorb the studio unemployed. This, however, is no solution of the Gaumont-British crisis. A shareholder's Committee is now appealing for the necessary support to apply for a Board of Trade investigation into the affairs of the Company. Every shareholder, in my opinion, should sign this appeal. Now that the Court has refused to grant an injunction to restrain the directors from paying the preference share dividends—on the grounds that it is legal to use share premium reserves for the purpose of offsetting trading losses—the only recourse open to the dissenting shareholders is to demand a Board of Trade inquiry. The shareholders' committee estimate the trading losses as at March 31st last to be nearly £800,000, and trading and capital losses together to be around £3,000,000. "These losses," their circular adds, "make it clear that very serious jeopardy exists in regard to the share capital and that shareholders will require to take prompt and drastic steps if their shares are to be restored to a dividend-paying basis." The 10*s.* shares now quoted at 7*s.* will have to be written down drastically if dividends are ever to be paid. But, first of all, let the Board of Trade investigate.

* * *

If our next Prime Minister considers that for political reasons the growth of business profits should be taxed, it is not to be expected that the joint stock banks will increase their dividends

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this year. Parliament-wise the bank directors' policy is to be financially inconspicuous. Tired shareholders might, therefore, consider an exchange into the shares of British banks operating overseas, whose dividends have still to be restored to 1929 levels. The following table gives a selection of five, with the dividends of 1936 contrasted with those of 1929:

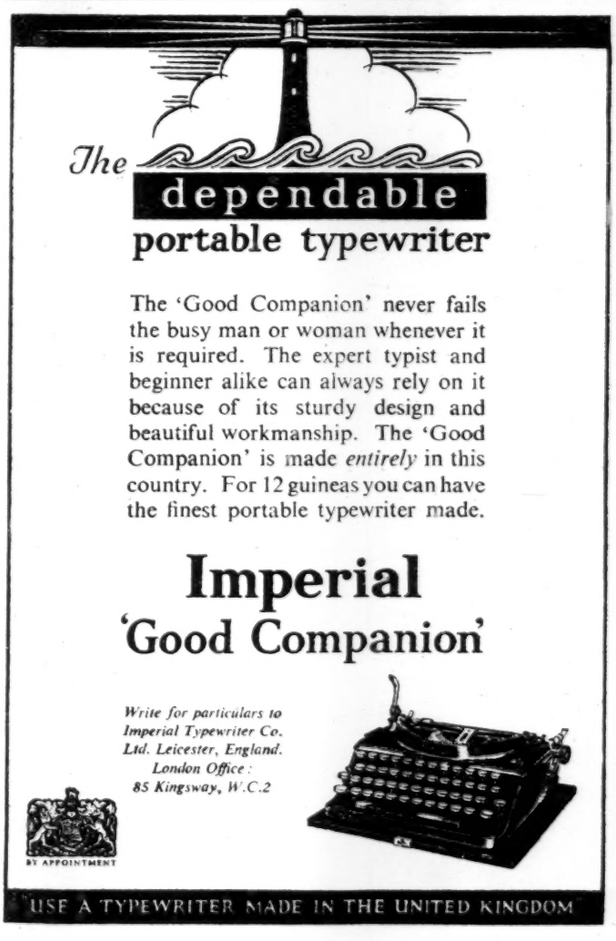
	Present Price.	1929. Earnings. %	1929. Dividend. %	1936. Earnings. %	1936. Dividend. %	Gross Yield % on 1936 Dividend.
Chartered Bank of India £5 shares*	5	22.1 net	20¼ net	15.8 gross	14 gross	£4 11 9
Mercantile Bank of India £5 "C" shares	15½	24.5	16	18.7	12	£3 19 3
English, Scottish & Australian Bank £5 shares (£3 pd.)	4⅛	19.7 net	12½ net	8.2 net	5 net	£4 9 0 or £5 11 0 on 7%
Hong Kong and Shanghai Banking Corp. Ord. $125 shares†	119	£7.7 p.s.	£7 p.s.	£5.9 p.s.	£5½ p.s.	£4 12 6
Standard Bank of South Africa £20 shares (£5 paid)...	14⅞	22.2	17	14.8	12	£4 3 0

* Liability on liquidation for further £5 per share. † Reserve liability $125 p.s.

In spite of weak spots in the internal economy of Australia, the English, Scottish and Australian Bank, whose year ends in June, has increased its interim dividend from 2½ per cent. to 3½ per cent. free of tax, which indicates that the distribution for the year will be made up to 7 per cent. tax free. This would give the highest yield in the list, but I think there is more scope for capital appreciation in Hong Kong and Shanghai, having regard to the improvement in the China trade.

* * *

The Coronation of King George VI was preceded by renewed depression on the Stock Exchange. It might have been the end instead of the beginning of a three-weeks' account. The bus strike made for nervousness, the Continent was reported to be a seller of gold and base metal shares, and from Paris and Geneva came vague rumours of a European *coup d'état* timed for Coronation day. But why look for trouble abroad? The most likely cause of market weakness is the clearing up of the recent troubles inside the Stock Exchange. The recovery last week was sharp and sudden because the liquidation of weak positions had only been postponed. We must expect this liquidation to continue for some time.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Company Meeting

BEECHAMS PILLS

HIGH RECORD IN PROFIT

LARGER DISTRIBUTION

MR. PHILIP E. HILL'S ADDRESS

THE Ninth Ordinary General Meeting of Beechams Pills, Ltd., was held on May 7th at the Hotel Victoria, Northumberland Avenue, W.C.

Mr. Philip E. Hill (chairman of the company), who presided, said:—Ladies and gentlemen,—Is it agreed that the report and accounts be taken as read? (Agreed.) The profits, amounting to £541,000 odd, show an increase over those of last year of £115,000 and establish a new record for the company. Again, this result is attributable to the development of our home trade, and once more we have every reason to believe that we shall experience a further expansion during the coming year.

DEVELOPMENT OF OVERSEAS BUSINESS

As stated at our last annual meeting, we are strenuously attacking the development of our overseas business, and during the year representatives of the company have visited Australia, New Zealand, India, U.S.A., Canada, Egypt, Palestine, Colombo, Cuba, West Indies, and the Bahamas. It is, of course, much too early to talk of revenue from this source, but the views I expressed with regard to the possibilities of this when I last had the pleasure of meeting you have been considerably strengthened by what I myself have seen, and from reports received, and it is possible that the directors may consider it desirable to form an overseas company. In such an event the shareholders in this company will be given the opportunity, if they so desire, of providing any new capital that may be required for this purpose.

Our allocation for general advertising and business propaganda during the year is the largest in the history of the company, but what is more to the point is that it has been well spent—as is evidenced by the large increase in the company's profits.

THE BEECHAM LABORATORY

I have always held the view that in a business such as ours the best reserve we can have is in our advertising and business propaganda. In this direction we have this year broken new ground. We are building for the Royal Northern Hospital the Beecham Laboratory—and in addition have agreed to contribute annually to the cost of its upkeep. In consideration of this, their pharmacist, Mr. Herbert Skinner, a past president of the Pharmaceutical Society, has agreed continuously to review the formulæ of our various proprietary medicines and bring them into line with the latest discoveries of medical research. Apart altogether from assisting a very deserving institution, I think we have taken a very definitive step forward in endeavouring to place proprietary articles and medicines on a higher plane with, I am sure, beneficial results to all concerned.

Your directors are pleased to be able to recommend payment of an increased dividend and distribution of a larger bonus. For this I think we owe a very deep debt of gratitude to our working directors and to our managers and staff. I think it is clearly shown that the consideration we have given and are giving them is producing very satisfactory results and will encourage them to do even better in the future.

TAXATION RESERVE

You will see that we have this year found a new home for money. I refer to the allocation of £50,000 to special taxation reserve. We understand that no additional tax will be payable for the past year and you will see, therefore, that the £50,000 we have allocated to the special reserve is in respect of the possible liability for next year ending March 31st, 1938. We think that this amount is far in excess of what we shall be called upon to pay, but of course it depends upon the amount of profits we are able to earn. Until we have had a chance of seeing the formula of the new Budgetary Pill, it is, of course, impossible to form any definite conclusions about it, but I am sure we shall all be very happy to contribute our share towards a matter of such vital importance to our nation.

In calmer moments one can only sympathise with the Chancellor in a very difficult and unpleasant task and hope his financial formula, when produced, will be as popular as that of Beechams Pills—which, after a life of nearly 100 years, have proved themselves to be worth more than "A guinea a box." (Laughter and applause.)

The Chairman concluded by moving the adoption of the report and accounts, which was seconded by Mr. Louis Nicholas (vice-chairman), and carried unanimously.

The proceedings terminated with a hearty vote of thanks to the chairman and directors, and to the staffs of the various companies.

London Amusements

MATINEES

All at 2.30 p.m. unless otherwise stated.

ALDWYCH. Jane Eyre. Mon., Wed., Thur., Sat.

APOLLO. London After Dark. Tu., Sat.

CAMBRIDGE. 1066 And All That. Th., Sat.

COLISEUM. On Your Toes. Wed., Th., Sat.

COMEDY. Busman's Honeymoon. M., F., S.

DRURY LANE. Careless Rapture. Wed., Sat.

DUKE OF YORK'S. Night Alone. M., W., S.

GLOBE. The Constant Wife. Wed. & Thurs.

HIPPODROME. "Big Business." Th., Sat.

HIS MAJESTY'S. Balalaika. Wed. & Sat.

LITTLE. The Ascent of F.6. Thurs. & Sat.

MERCURY. In Theatre Street. Fri., Sat.

PEOPLE'S PALACE. The Frog. Sat.

PLAYHOUSE. Whiteoaks. M., Wed., Th., Sat.

ROYALTY. The Good Fairy. Thurs., 20th.

ST. MARTIN'S. A Ship Comes Home. T., F.

SAVILLE. Over She Goes. Sats.

WHITEHALL. Anthony & Anna. Tu., Th., S.

WYNDHAM'S. George & Margaret. Wed., S.

THEATRES

ALDWYCH. Evenings, 8.30. Tem. 6404.
Mats., Mon., Wed., Thurs. & Sat., at 2.30.
JANE EYRE
CURIGWEN LEWIS. REGINALD TATE.

APOLLO. (Ger. 2663.) Evgs., 8.30. Tues. & Sat., 2.30.
MARION LORNE & WALTER HACKETT'S prodn.
LONDON AFTER DARK
by WALTER HACKETT.

CAMBRIDGE. Tem. Bar. 6056.
EVGS., 8.30. Mats., THURS., SATS., 2.30.
1066 AND ALL THAT
A Musical Revue of English History.

COLISEUM, Charing X. Tem. 3161. EVGS., 8.15.
Mats., WED., THURS., SAT. & WHIT MON., 2.30.
"ON YOUR TOES"
JACK WHITING, OLIVE BLAKENEY, VERA ZORINA.

COMEDY. Whi. 2578.
Evgs., 8.30. Mats., Mon., Tues., Fri., 2.30.
"BUSMAN'S HONEYMOON"
By DOROTHY L. SAYERS & M. ST. CLARE BYRNE.

DRURY LANE. Evgs., 8.0. Wed., Sat., 2.30.
IVOR NOVELLO, DOROTHY DICKSON, ZENA DARE in
CARELESS RAPTURE

DUKE OF YORK'S. 8.40. Mon., Wed., Sat., 2.30.
NIGHT ALONE
with RICHARD BIRD.
"A Night of Laughs."—*Daily Mail.* Tem. 5122.

GLOBE. Ger. 1592. Com. WED., May 19, at 8p.m,
(subsequently 8.30). Mats., WED. & THURS., at 2.30.
W. SOMERSET MAUGHAM'S
THE CONSTANT WIFE

HIPPODROME. Ger. 3272. Evgs., 8.15.
Mats., Thurs., Sats., at 2.30. BOBBY HOWES in
"BIG BUSINESS"
VERA PEARCE. WYLIE WATSON. BERTHA BELMORE.

HIS MAJESTY'S. (Whi. 6506.) EVGS., 8.15.
BALALAIKA A Musical Play.
Mats., WEDNESDAYS & SATURDAYS, 2.30.

LITTLE. (Tem. 6501.) 8.30. Thurs. & Sat., 2.30.
THE ASCENT OF F.6.
The Everest Play. "No question, this is the most notable thing in our theatre."—*News Chronicle.*

MERCURY. Park 5700. 8.30 (ex. Mon.), F., S., 2.30.
IN THEATRE STREET
Lenormand's Deep and Brilliant Comedy.
"ANOTHER MERCURY SUCCESS."—*Morning Post.*

PEOPLE'S PALACE, Mile End Rd. Adv. 2777.
Mon., MAY 17th, Nightly at 8, Mat., Sat. at 2.30.
PRINCE LITLER presents **THE FROG**
by IAN HAY & EDGAR WALLACE. 9*d.* to 5*s.*

PLAYHOUSE. Whi. 7774. Evenings, 8.30.
Mats., Mon., Wed., Thurs., Sat., at 2.30.
WHITEOAKS
(2nd Year).

ROYALTY. (Ger. 7331). TO-NIGHT (Fri.) at 8
(subsequently, 8.30). 1st Mat., Thurs., May 20th, 2.30.
THE GOOD FAIRY
An audacious comedy by Ferenc Molnar.

ST. MARTIN'S. Tem. 1443. Sat., 8.30 (subs. 8.40).
MARY CLARE in
A SHIP COMES HOME
LAURIE COWIE. MURIEL AKED.

SAVILLE. EVGS., 8.15. Mat., SATS., 2.30.
STANLEY LUPINO in
OVER SHE GOES
Musical Tantivy with LADDIE CLIFF.

WHITEHALL. (Whi. 6692.) 2nd YEAR
Evgs., 8.30. Mats., Wed. & Sat., 2.30.
ANTHONY AND ANNA.
A Comedy by ST. JOHN ERVINE.

WYNDHAM'S. Tem. 3028, 3029.
EVGS., 8.30. MATS., WED. & SAT., at 2.30.
"GEORGE and MARGARET."
COMEDY by GERALD SAVORY.

REPERTORY THEATRES

CROYDON. **Repertory.**
Evenings 8. Mats., Wed., 5, Sats., 5 & 8.15.
Suspect By Rex Todd.

HULL. **Little.**
Evgs., 8. Mat., Sat., 5 p.m.
Proscenium By Ivor Novello.

LIVERPOOL. **Playhouse.**
Evgs., 7.45. Mat., Sat., 2.30.
Caste By J. W. Robertson.

MANCHESTER. **Repertory.**
Evgs., 7.30.
Up for T'King By Armitage Owen.

The Repertory Theatres whose announcements appear above are members of The Association of Repertory Theatres. *For information concerning Theatres belonging to this Association, or qualified to belong to it, apply to the Honorary Secretary, J. Baxter Somerville, Messrs. Baxter & Co., 12 Victoria St., London, S.W.1.*

PICTURE THEATRES

ACADEMY CINEMA, Oxford St. Ger. 2981.
WILLY FORST'S Great Dramatic Triumph,
BURGTHEATER (U).
With CARL ESMOND, WERNER KRAUSS, OLGA TSCHECHOWA, HANS MOSER.

EVERYMAN (Opp. Hampstead Tube Stn.) Ham. 2285.
MONDAY, 17th MAY, for THREE DAYS. Viennese Comedy, **SYLVIA & HER CHAUFFEUR** (U).
THURSDAY, 20th MAY, for FOUR DAYS.
LETZTE ROSE (U) (*The Last Rose*).

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AH well, if you've not been to RULES you have missed a lot in life . . . Maiden Lane (Covent Garden). Lunch, Dinner, or late Supper (licensed till midnight). Est. 1780.

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LEICESTER GALLERIES, Leicester Sq., 10–6. Sats. 10–1.

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ORCHARD REST CAMP. Woodland path to Hamble river. Partics., PYLANDS, Bursledon, Southampton

ANNUAL seaside holiday centre for boys and girls. July 25th for 6 weeks. Details from Lyndale School, 67 Eton Avenue, N.W.3.

ISLE OF WIGHT. Sun bathing, country mansion in 23 acres. H. and c. water, elec. light, modern sanitation, own sea shore, safe bathing, S.B. enclosures, tennis. Brochure, N.S. & N., Woodside, Wootton, I.W.

L.B.C. "Netherwood," The Ridge, Hastings, is the "Left" Guest House with modern comfort and cuisine. Four woodland acres. Tennis. Dance hall. Write for illustrated brochure or 'phone Baldslow 19.

WALKING HOLIDAYS. Switzerland (Lake Lucerne and Bernese Oberland), 15 days £12 incl. Middle-Germany (Thuringia), 14 days £9 incl. Parties of ten people only leave London July 24th, August 7th. Further details Box 760, N.S. & N., 10 Gt. Turnstile, London, W.C.1.

OLD MILL, Langstone, and cottage annexe built on piers, with sea under house at high tide, to let for one year. Windmill newly restored; furnished, decorated. All modern conveniences; electricity; good accommodation; telephone; garage. Town and station one mile; boating, bathing from house. Peaceful, beautiful, unique. 4 guineas weekly. TWORT, Petersfield, Hants.

WEST WORTHING. Board Residence. Comfortable house; easy reach sea and downs. Moderate terms. BAKER, 35 St. Botolph's Rd., W. Worthing.

SUNSHINE. Magnificent view. Own beach and park. Every comfort. Moderate prices. Pension RIVA BELLA, Brissago, L. Maggiore.

BERNESE OBERLAND for glorious mountain and lake scenery and exquisite Alpine flowers. Hotel Bären, Aeschi, above Spiez; overlooking Lakes Thun and Brienz, makes an ideal starting point. Large garden with tennis court. Open May to September inclusive. 65 beds. Full pension from 7½ francs. Send for illustrated leaflet.

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